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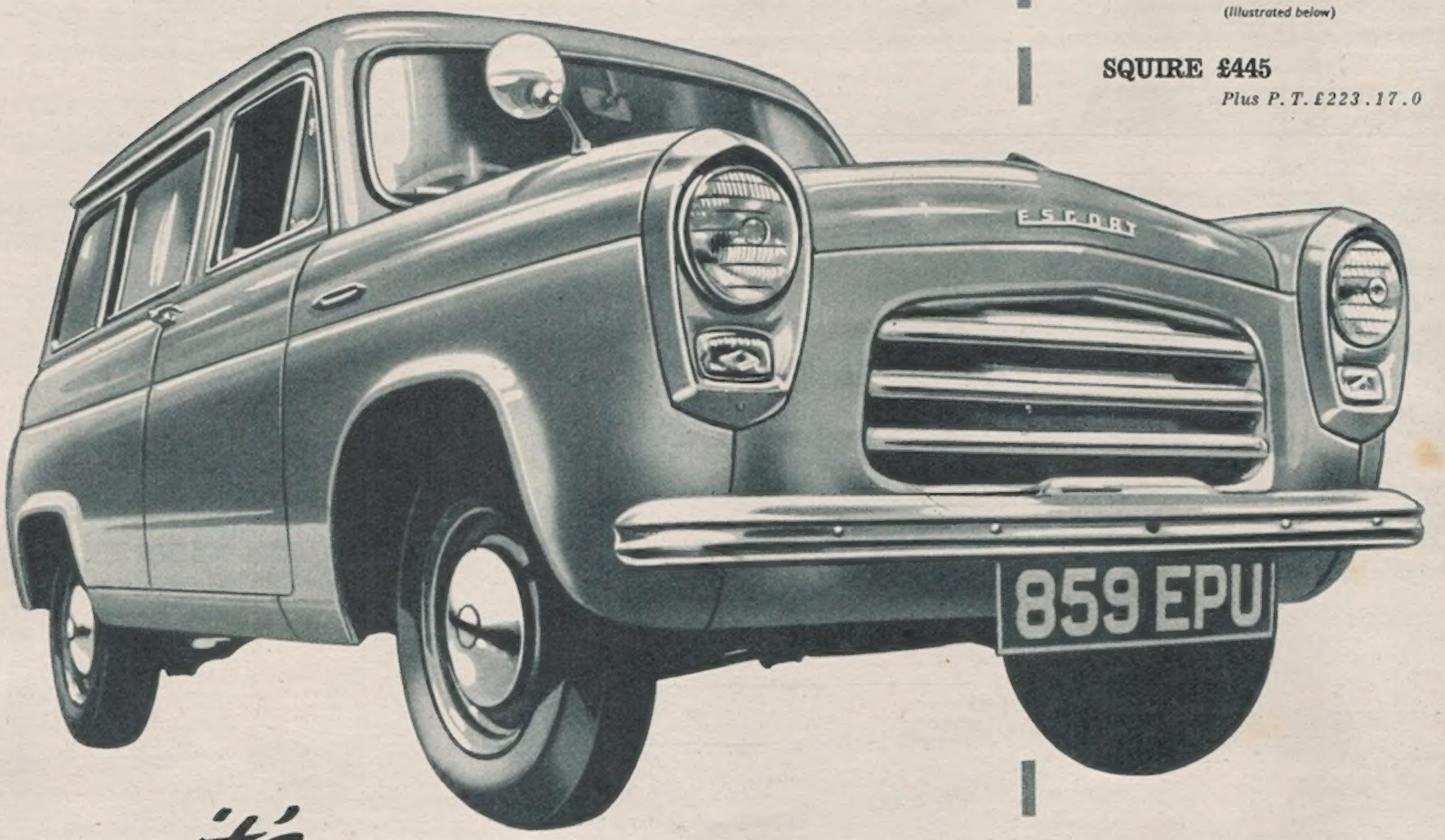

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TEMPLE BAR 2468 AUGUST 25. 1956 VOLUME 100 NUMBER 2617

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

The Chittocks: she supplies some of his painting ideas

DEREK CHITTOCK is a keen cricket fan, but he rarely gets a chance to watch a game; painting, and teaching painting at the City of London School keep him too busy. This week's cover, therefore, gave him an excellent excuse to spend a pleasant day at the Oval. "A Test Match cover was a wonderful idea," he says. "I don't know why I didn't think of it before."

The idea, as it happens, was put into his head by his wife Elsa, who supplies many of the ideas for her husband's paintings. She is a drama teacher, and he finds that her training helps his work. "After all," he explains, "a drawing is largely a mime."

A Londoner by birth and choice, thirty-four year old Derek Chittock was trained at the Slade School and the Royal Academy. Before that he went to the Sir George Monoux Grammar School at Walthamstow, where he captained the House cricket team; he is proud to recall that Doug Insole, the England Test player, was also in the team.

THE postmaster at Hope Bay, a British Antarctic base, opened his mail and read: "I am a little girl of eight, and am very anxious to have a girl pen-friend of my own age in your country." Reluctantly, William Ellery Anderson replied: "Unfortunately we have no girls here—of eight, eighteen or eighty. I only wish we had." It was one of the few times in his life that he has had to admit failure.

Running a post office was the least of Major Anderson's worries as commander at Hope Bay, as he explains in *Expedition South*, which begins on page 9. But it brought him some strange problems —and about four hundred requests for stamps from collectors all over the world. For at Hope Bay, a one-hut, twelve-man base where letters are usually dispatched only twice a year, special stamps are used. "Every time I sold one," says Anderson, "I was supposed to jot it down in my monthly accounts. Naturally the books never balanced, but our Beam Fund took care of that. Lodged in the hut's beams was a money-box into which anybody who won at cards put his winnings—so I kept out of the red."

The Antarctic turned Anderson into an accomplished cook; he became an artist with local dishes like seal steak boiled in butter, roast breast of penguin ("a delicious meat, not at all fishy") and scrambled penguin eggs.

After his Antarctic adventures, Anderson, a bachelor, plans a trip to the South Sea isles. "I shall buy a boat and cruise my way out there. Then I shall lie in the sun, and dusky maidens will feed me with coconut milk. . . . Or, on second thoughts, I may go to the Antarctic again."

This should be worth watching!

"I can just see you doing your own paperhanging—swathed in paper; paste all over the place!"

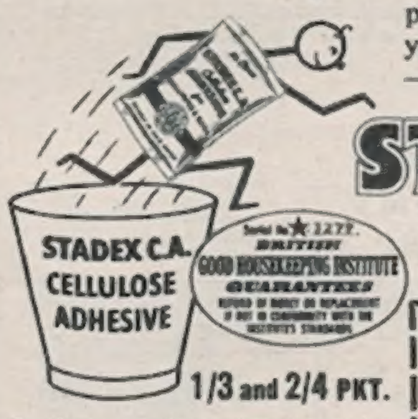
"Nonsense—that only happens on T.V. Or, of course, if you use the wrong paste. But I'm using STADEX C.A.—the non-stain Cellulose Adhesive—it has just the right slip, tackiness and so on."

"And this paste just hops out of the bucket, grabs the paper and hangs it itself, I suppose?"

"Not quite—you have to help it along a bit. But it is amazingly simple with STADEX C.A.—just a quick stir in cold water and you've got a gallon of smooth, full-bodied paste."

"Then what?"

"Well, the makers give away a most useful illustrated pamphlet—"Stadex Guide to Paperhanging." It tells you what to do, step by step. Try STADEX yourself —even you couldn't go wrong!"



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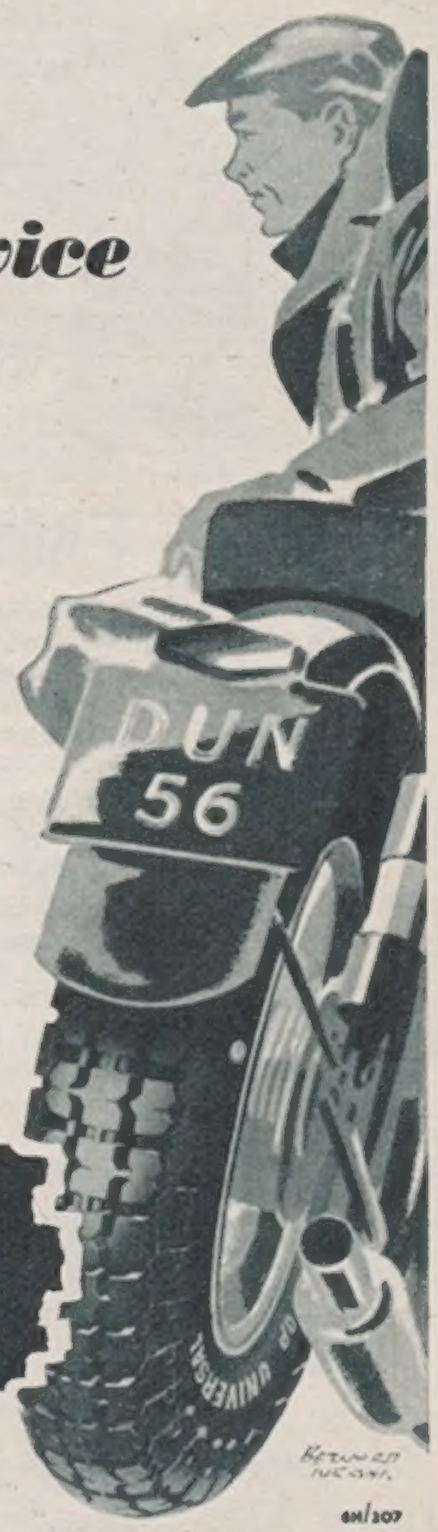

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"I recently got a speck of lime in my eye, which became extremely red and painful. I used Optrex, and in a very short time the pain and redness was gone. I am so pleased I feel I must write to you. I shall not hesitate to recommend Optrex to everybody—**my three daughters and I use it regularly"**

PEGGY AUSTIN-HOLMES, LATIMER ROAD, CHESHAM, BUCKS.

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Free Speech

- **Should shipbuilders plan our homes?**
- **Getting used to noise in Britain**
- **Ignition keys encourage crime**

Two weeks' holiday on a yacht have convinced me that architects and builders have a lot to learn about designing homes. During our time afloat, nine of us lived in perfect comfort in a floor area which was not much greater than the ground floor of the average semi-detached house.

The main secret was built-in furniture, with cupboards in every available wall space and under every fitting such as a table or a bed.

The galley put many kitchens on dry land to shame; yet this yacht was built many years before the war.

If houses were designed by marine architects, we should have far more space in more practical surroundings. —D. P. L., Bath, Somerset.

Make Them Welcome

While touring Wales and Scotland, I frequently came across signs on the border saying "Welcome to Wales" and "Welcome to Scotland," and again outside individual towns. I saw no signs when I returned to England, which is a pity because I am sure small points like this make a deep impression on tourists, especially those from abroad.—J. A., Durham.

Pylon Camouflage

In the course of a delightful holiday in the Scottish Highlands, I was taken aback at the disfiguration by electricity pylons at several well-known beauty spots.

I am aware that hydro-electric power will be a blessing to the inhabitants of the area, but these eyesores could at least be painted to harmonize with their surroundings.—E. RADCLIFFE, Huddersfield.

"Pylons are usually painted in a light grey owing to the prevalence of grey in the sky," says the Central Electricity Authority. "Light grey, too, will best fit in with all conditions, for although a green shade would blend with a wooded area in summer, it wouldn't do so when all the trees lost their leaves."

Just A Veneer

Surely it is not possible to tell the character of a person by the condition of his shoes ("Free Speech," August 4). One may have had his shoes cleaned for him because he was too lazy to do them himself. Someone seeing his shining shoes and concluding that he was an energetic man would obviously be wrong.—A. H. PALMER, Bath, Somerset.

Noise Nerves

When I returned home after eight years in the tropics, I was struck by the intense noise there is in everyday British life. No one seems to notice it, yet I feel sure noise is so exhausting mentally as to be really destructive to those people who are more than usually sensitive to sound.—MRS. P. PEACH, Ridlington, Norfolk.

"Noise has a damaging effect upon general health and efficiency," says a doctor. "Yet it is surprising how quickly people can become accustomed to noises, so that they are no longer affected by them."

Change Colour

Ninety per cent of colour blindness, like mine, refers only to red and green ("Free Speech," August 4). Most sufferers are reluctant to admit their disability, but according to a recent B.B.C. "Brains Trust" programme, seven per cent of the population are wholly or partly colour blind. Surely it is time to change the present traffic light Stop and Go colours from red and green to, say, yellow and blue.—A. F., Portsmouth.

"Red, green and yellow are quite the most easily distinguished colours for ninety-three per cent of the population," says an expert. "It seems unreasonable to suit the colour blind seven per cent at the expense of the great majority."

Weather Pain

One often comes across people who can forecast the weather, sometimes accurately, by reference to discomfort or pain. Corns, for example, give twinges—and some people who have

had surgical operations also suffer discomfort in bad weather. I wonder what reason could be given for this.—A. JAUNDRELL, Thornhill Road, Chorley, Lancashire.

"Changes in barometric pressure do seem to have this effect on people with corns and rheumatism and those who have had operations," says a doctor. "But the reasons for it are not clear. The drawback is that quite often these reactions occur when other people have forecast weather changes without relying on corns and rheumatic joints."

Easy For Thieves

Recently I glanced at cars parked in a street near my home and I found that seven out of thirteen of them had ignition keys left in and the doors unlocked, making it easy for the would-be criminal.

Almost every week we hear of crimes being committed by people using stolen cars. Leaving an ignition key in an unoccupied car should be made a punishable offence, for it obviously encourages crime.—ALEC STANLEY, Monifieth, Dundee, Angus.

Car stealing is on the increase, according to Scotland Yard. Last year, for example, 2,474 cars were stolen in the Metropolitan area—an increase of 521 on 1954—although 1,919 of them were later recovered. Another 5,800 cars were taken and driven away and found abandoned within forty-eight hours—650 more than in 1954.

For The Record

The Blackpool showman who started using tape recorders with a 6d.-in-the-slot mechanism ("Box Of Tricks With Big Ears," JOHN BULL, July 28) was copying an idea I came across in London twenty years ago.

There was a recording booth in an arcade off Leicester Square, and once a month I paid 6d. and made a plastic record which I posted to relatives in Australia. Result: a letter to Australia for 7½d., a lot of time saved, and a message far more interesting to them than a written

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

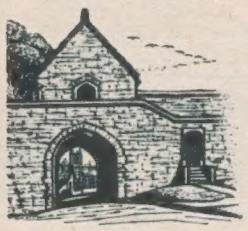
CLARNICO

Dairy Fudge

1/6

HALF POUND CARTON

Always ask for **CLARNICO**

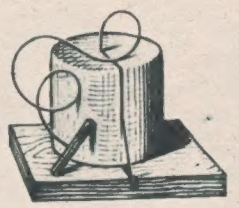


Ever seen a 'hanging chapel'?

This curious chapel in the Somerset town of Langport is built over the ancient East gate of the town. Its title of the 'hanging chapel' was once thought to be connected with the hangings that occurred during the Bloody Assize of 1685. But it seems probable that the name just means 'overhanging' the road. Somerset is rich in architectural and historical interest. It is famous for its fine country produce too, like Somerset cider. For centuries the cider of Somerset has been recognised as something specially good, with a fine, clean flavour all its own.

Cheddar—world-famous for cheese

It's real unspoilt country—the country of Somerset. And there's real country quality in the good things that Somerset produces. Its Cheddar cheese has been famous for centuries; so has its cider. The superb cider apples of Somerset make the finest cider in all England.



There's no cider like

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SEVERE ACNE

"The results of DDD Prescription . . . have been most satisfactory," writes S.M., a S.R.N., S.C.M., of Torquay, ". . . the Prescription was used for acne with marked effect . . . I will certainly recommend it."

Professional nurses prove time and time again the power of DDD Prescription's skilfully combined liquid antiseptics to penetrate deep beneath the skin where skin trouble starts. Cases of acne, boils, eczema, rashes, insect bites, grazes, chafed skin, soreness and other day-to-day upsets respond swiftly to DDD's germ-killing, cooling power!

Distress and disfigurement disappear fast with non-greasy, non-staining DDD Prescription. Keep a bottle by you. 1/9½d., 3/11d., 6/5d. per bottle. For free sample send P.C. to Dept. 65, DDD Co., Ltd., Watford, Herts.

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Please send illustrated booklet which tells me about the Metropolitan Police.

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Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

one.—R. S. G. MILLS, Fairmead Crescent, Edgware, Middlesex.

. . . As Free Church chaplain at the National Temperance Hospital, I have recently introduced a tape recorder into services which I conduct in the wards. This enables my choir to lead the singing by having previously recorded the hymns. The patients heartily approve of this "box of tricks."—REV. RICHARD C. WHITEHOUSE, Finchley, London, N.3.

Self Help

When the Welfare State was introduced I thought that we had seen the last of those ladies who leave no paving stone untrodden to sell flags for charity. But no; we are still canvassed at every street corner.

I admired the man who told one flag seller: "No, I can't afford it . . . I need all my money for myself.—P. D. MOOK, London, S.W.15.

Tools On Hire

Although we have lived in our new house for several months, our garden is still looking neglected, simply because we haven't yet been able to afford garden tools.

I often wonder why some enterprising person doesn't start a tool-hire service, particularly if he lives

near a newly built housing estate where a great deal of work needs to be done in gardens. Such things as garden rollers are not needed or used often enough to make outright purchase worth while.—MRS. E. S., Plumstead Common, S.E.18.

Which Down?

A Norwegian friend who visited me some years ago brought her own eiderdown quilt with her. It made a billowy mountain on her bed, and I haven't seen one since. Most of the "eiderdowns" on sale should be called feather quilts.—MRS. R. RAWLE, Haverhill, Suffolk.

"There is very little eiderdown available in this country," says the British Standards Institution. "Consequently it is very expensive. Quilts and pillows can be obtained filled with down from British ducks and geese if this is preferred to feather fillings."

Scrapbook In Cement

For a form of scrapbook really out of the ordinary ("Free Speech," June 30) I would say the Wall of Memories which I have seen in Edenbridge, Kent, is unique.

It is about thirty feet long and six feet high, and is mainly covered in cement, which holds relics of the first World War collected by its builder when serving abroad. There are fragments of decorative tiles from bombed cathedrals, pieces of stone and rock from India, Rome, Cairo, Berlin, Africa, Japan, China and other places, as well as ornaments, old coins and war medals.

Other features are the bases of bottles of all kinds, china, pottery, glass, parts of toys and imprints of two babies' hands (the builder's grandchildren), each representing some past family happening.—G. H. ASHDOWN, Westerham, Kent.

Still Valid

Travelling on a London trolleybus recently, I saw a woman passenger tender a silver threepenny piece for a 2½d. fare. To her surprise and chagrin, the conductor refused it, but I thought that these coins were still legal tender.—D. G. TURNER, Shepperton, Middlesex.

"Although rarely seen these days, silver threepenny pieces are legal tender, and the conductor should certainly have accepted it," says London Transport.

Steering Grasp

A friend of mine about to take the driving test was advised by an experienced motorist to hold the steering wheel at ten o'clock and two o'clock positions. This, my friend was told, would help him when he took his test.—KENDALL NICOLL, Thackley, Bradford, Yorkshire.

The ten o'clock-two o'clock grasp is recommended in "Road Craft," the driving manual of the Metropolitan Police Driving School. These hand positions give maximum leverage when turning, and even if only one hand is on the wheel, full control is retained. The R.A.C. recommends both the ten o'clock-two o'clock and the quarter-to-three positions, whichever is most comfortable. Many driving schools teach the twenty-to-four grasp.

Contracting Out

If annual and presumably voluntary resignation from the National Health Service were allowed ("Free Speech," July 28), it would not save money, but cost more.

People resigning from the Service would very likely be those who are rarely ill, and instead of having their contributions to boost the Health Service fund, the government would have to find more money to give non-contributors their rebate.—MRS. M. MAXWELL, Belfast, Northern Ireland.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

THIS week's cover hero must be the envy of every small boy in the country. What a glamorous job—to be the last actor in the great drama of a Test match at the Oval! In fact, he's thoroughly blasé about the whole business. Helping to collect twenty cubic yards of litter, the untidy evidence that all those youngsters have spent the day here, has knocked the romance out of cricket for him. But there's one thing he won't find, as Chittock, a cricket fan himself (see page 3), happily points out. There are no Ashes for collection after this game.

You'll be happy with your G.E.C. home

Tea for two in two minutes with the Superspeed Kettle

The 3-pint size will boil one pint of water in two minutes or three pints in five and a half minutes. It saves you precious minutes morning, noon and night, and it is protected by a safety device should it ever boil dry.

What a beauty! Made of heavily chromium plated copper, it is one of the finest examples of modern craftsmanship, and will keep its beauty untarnished for years.

And what a handsome present! For weddings and birthdays there is no more welcome gift than a G.E.C. Superspeed Kettle. An ornament on any table—a boon in any home. Obtainable from your usual electrical supplier.

D5353A. ***3****-pint size* **£5·0·7** *tax paid*
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the things they say!

My goodness, he's shifting!

But where's all this speed going to end? And where are we going to get the materials to stand up to it?

Some of them are just around the corner, some are already helping —titanium, for example.

What's special about titanium?

You can make alloys of titanium that are as strong as high-tensile steel, but only half the weight— and weight, as you know, is a critical matter today to people like the designers of Flying Bedsteads and the flying machines of the future.

Why haven't we had titanium before, then?

It's not so easy to make. For example, molten titanium attacks all the usual furnace linings, and if air got at it during the melting, the metal would be brittle.

Have these problems been overcome now?

Largely, yes. I.C.I. have developed a process for extracting raw titanium on a large scale. And they've built a plant at Wilton, in North Yorkshire, that's producing the metal at the rate of 1,500 tons a year.

So titanium has really arrived?

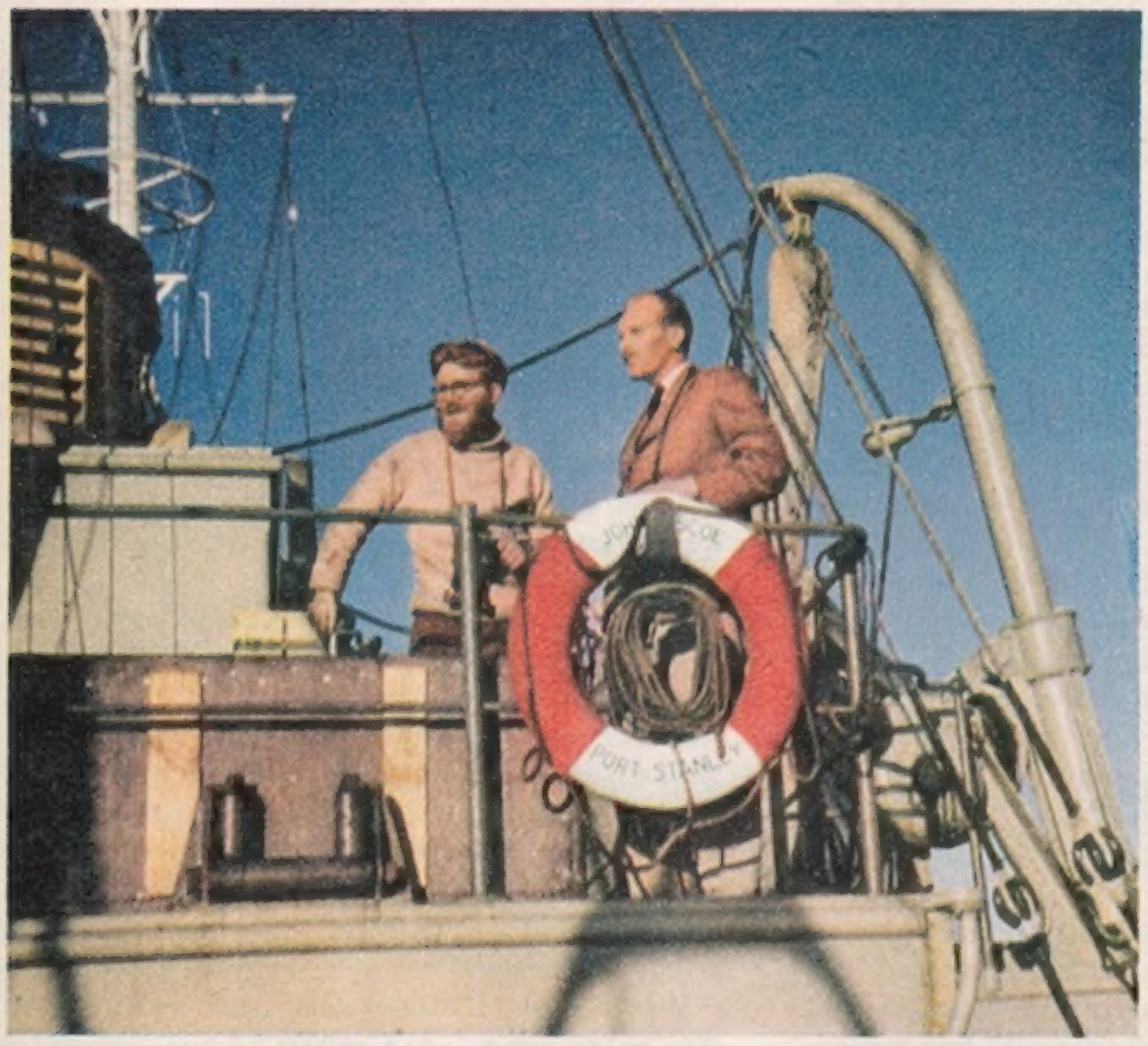
Not merely arrived. I.C.I.'s wrought titanium products are already playing a useful part in the aircraft industry.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

EXPEDITION SOUTH

by Major W. E. Anderson

Anderson (left) on a sledging journey with Willis, Tait, Taylor and Leppard. They met gales, blizzards and treacherous ice



The retiring base leader, Dr. Bill Turner (left), leaves Hope Bay aboard the Antarctic relief ship John Biscoe

I HELD the Bible in my right hand and took the oath: "I, William Ellery Anderson, do swear that I will well and truly serve our Sovereign Lady Queen Elizabeth II in the office of magistrate and justice of the peace, and I will do right to all manner of people after the laws and usages enforced in this colony without fear, favour, affection or ill will. So help me God."

I put down the Bible, and the Governor of the Falkland Islands, Oswald Arthur, got up from his desk and came round to congratulate me. Then he walked over to a large wall map of the British sector of the Antarctic, and pointed to Graham Land, a long, jagged peninsula jutting northwards. At the tip of this I saw Hope Bay, the spot where I had just sworn to do right to all manner of people.

Hope Bay is the largest of the British Antarctic bases, from where major sledging journeys of survey and exploration are launched. I had been appointed the new base leader, and was on my way out to take over.

The Governor wore tweeds. He was in his sixties, immensely tall, with untidy grey hair, bushy eyebrows and a ruddy complexion. Two spaniels sprawled on the floor on either side of his large Victorian desk. At the opposite end of the room a stuffed emperor penguin looked down smugly at an egg between its feet. I had been told about the penguin; occasionally, when the Governor was annoyed, he took a kick at it.

The stuffed bird represented his major problem, which was not the small, loyal community that he governed, but the British Antarctic Sector which he administered. Known politically as

The hut at Hope Bay has workshops, offices, laboratory, surgery, darkroom, radio room, power plant and living quarters. "I was thrilled to think that

the Falkland Islands Dependencies, the sector is roughly everything south of the Falklands and South America between two lines of longitude, 20° W and 80° W, converging on the South Pole.

Graham Land, the part we occupy, is about seven hundred miles long, a drab, white wilderness with peaks of snow-free rock projecting like black teeth out of the primordial ice-cap that covers the land. The interior is generally inaccessible being a plateau on an average five thousand feet high and guarded by precipices dropping straight into seas that are frozen solid for most of the year. The sea ice breaks up for about two months in the summer, when the relief ship calls with mail, supplies and fresh personnel.

Why, I had asked myself, did we have to occupy this expanse of ice and rock, even if it was British territory? The answer was that is is being systematically opened up and surveyed. Vast mineral deposits, maybe of inestimable future value to Britain, are believed to lie under the ice-cap, several thousand feet thick in places. We were also there to report the Antarctic weather, which affects conditions all over the world; met. reports have been submitted by the bases every six hours for the past ten years.

Finally, we were sitting tight in the Antarctic, instead of sending periodic expeditions as we did in the past, because other countries have been eyeing it enviously. The Argentines had established bases, usually just a few hundred yards from ours. They remained the Governor's constant political embarrassment.

We sailed the following evening on the 870-ton relief ship, John Biscoe, that had brought me with nineteen relief personnel and eighteen huskies from England. Suddenly I felt homesick and began to regret something I had done entirely on impulse four and a half months before.

I had walked through Hyde Park in London. As I came out of Alexandra Gate I saw the Royal Geographical Society opposite. I went in on the spur of the moment and asked if they had any expeditions I could go on. They suggested that I should try F.I.D.S.—the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey, responsible for manning the Antarctic bases.

I had just resigned my army commission. I had served in the French Resistance during the second World War, and with the Korean partisans in the Korean war, and now that I had returned to England the idea of peacetime soldiering did not appeal to me. I was thirty-four, and I wanted a job with excitement, so I went to see Dr. Fuchs, then director of the F.I.D.S. Scientific Bureau. He has since left to organize and lead the Commonwealth Trans-Antarctic Expedition. I said I was keen to go to the Antarctic and offered to contribute £200 towards my expenses on the expedition.

Dr. Fuchs laughed. "We would pay you to go," he said. "If you decide to join F.I.D.S. the Biscoe leaves in October."

That was how it started. I was interviewed by a selection board, accepted and appointed.

Now, six weeks after leaving England I was nearing the end of my journey.

The first base we called at was G, in Admiralty Bay, among a crowd of growlers or small icebergs drifting like sailing boats on the still water. We put stores ashore, man-hauling loads up to the base hut, and left as the sun, setting behind a glacier, dyed the icebergs a bright pink.

At four next morning I came on deck to find the sun shining brilliantly on Hope Bay, with thousands of penguins swimming in the water and popping up on floes all round the ship. We were lying a hundred yards from the ice-shelf which curved round in scallops to the two extremities of the bay. Ahead of us it rose in blinding whiteness to two peaks, with a glacier squeezed out from the plateau behind and towering above an inlet a mile away to the right. Inset in this immaculate vista, five hundred yards up the snow slope, was a long, low, black hut flying the Union Jack. It looked clean and businesslike. I was thrilled to think that I was going to command it.

Well below, on rock almost at the edge of the ice-shelf, were the Argentine Army and Navy huts, with their blue and white flag fluttering.

Later that day I went ashore and was welcomed by the men at the base, who had obviously made a terrific effort to give a good impression of my future home. The hut was a hundred and fifty feet long by thirty feet wide, and equipped with workshops, offices, laboratory, surgery, darkroom, radio room and electric power plant. The living quarters consisted of a bathroom, lavatory, a large galley, spick and span, and a central bunk house and living-room combined, with chintz curtains, an anthracite stove in the centre, a dining-table, low armchairs, and a picture of the Queen at one end.

The cook of the week had laid on a magnificent tea, with two sorts of cake, mustard and cress sandwiches, bread and butter and jam, though my enjoyment of it was marred by the thought that I could never approach this standard of cooking when my turn came.

Seventy tons of supplies were being unloaded from the Biscoe and dumped on the ice-shelf, and that night we began sledging them up to the store near the hut. For two days the weather held fine, then a blizzard blew down from the plateau, stopping all work. Our wind-speed indicator registered gusts between sixty and eighty knots, when Dr. Bill Turner, the retiring base leader, and Ian Clarke, his deputy, said they were going out to feed the dogs. They suggested that I should accompany them.

The blizzard punched us in the face as we stepped from the hut. With icy, needling fingers it held our mouths and nostrils, so that to breathe we had to turn our noses into the slipstream. Drift was slamming up from the ground in piercing, blinding powder.

My companions knew their way instinctively to the pile of seal meat. It was frozen and crumbled. We dug out chunks and piled them into a large, two-handled basket. Then we staggered two hundred yards to feed the dogs at the spans, where ninety huskies were kept chained to long wire cables. We had to refill the basket many times.

As the wind gusted we had difficulty in keeping our feet. Most of the time I had no idea of where I was, but held on to the basket following the other two. The job took an hour and we got back to the hut numb with the cold and quite breathless.

The Biscoe left to continue its round of bases. When she returned, Turner completed handing over to me and departed in the Biscoe. I was now on my own, left solely responsible for the efficient running of the principal British base in the Antarctic, the continuance of its met. reports, the selective breeding and training of its huskies, and, most important of all, the planning and carrying out of a year's exploration and survey.

We aimed to complete the mapping of the east coast of Graham Land down as far as Cape Alexander, below the Antarctic

Anderson (right) and Tait clean the floors. In the Antarctic, a base leader shares duties with his men, who address him by his Christian name

I was to command it," says Anderson

Circle, with detailed work on the Evans Inlet, the Richtofen Valley, the Seal Nunataks and the northern half of James Ross Island. It would involve a main sledging journey of one thousand miles, starting in August, which is late winter in the Antarctic.

Twelve of us manned the base. My deputy was our doctor, Paul Massey, twenty-eight, who had rowed twice for England in the Olympics. Our physiologist was Julian Taylor, twenty-four, a Cambridge double-first, making a detailed study of huskies. Don Willis, twenty-six, was the radio operator. He was an ex-regular soldier, who had served with me in Korea.

There were two surveyors: Norman Leppard, who did the large-scale work on the long journeys; and Dick Kenny, who filled in the meticulous detail closer to base. Leppard was twenty-two, tall, blond; he had learnt his surveying on National Service. Kenny was six years older, a small, slight man, who did most of his work on skis; he would go off with his equipment strapped on to his back.

The rest of the base personnel were meteorologists. There was Joe Lewis, who at twenty-five had spent a total of four years in the Antarctic. Next was Alan Precious, twenty-eight, who looked like Gregory Peck. He is a Yorkshireman and an ex-paratrooper, a peace-lover, who was never heard to say an unkind word. He was in charge of the ration store, an inner sanctum that we were in honour bound not to enter without his permission.

WHEN Alan was away from base Derek Clarke took over as storekeeper. He was a second season man, a good cook, and the resident midwife to the husky bitches.

Another second season man was Philip "Wink" Mander, a young ex-National Serviceman, who had learnt his met. work in the R.A.F. and had been with the Channel Island met. service. He had a gift for mimicry and performed the rôle of our resident comedian.

Ron Worswick was our strong man: he stood 6 feet 8 inches in his socks; I have seen him lift a 100-pound husky under each arm and walk a quarter of a mile.

Finally, there was Murdo "Jock" Tait, my imperturbable sledging companion. He had been a lighthouse keeper in the north of Scotland. He was in his third Antarctic season, an experienced sledger, and a first-rate dog handler.

It was the custom for Bill Johnson, captain of the Biscoe, to present a turkey to each base for Christmas. As we were afraid ours would not keep we had our Christmas dinner on December 22, with the bunk house decorated with paper streamers, and red and silver squares from the tails of met. balloons as table mats.

We all changed for the occasion, and I put on a dinner jacket, which apparently was the first ever worn at Hope Bay.

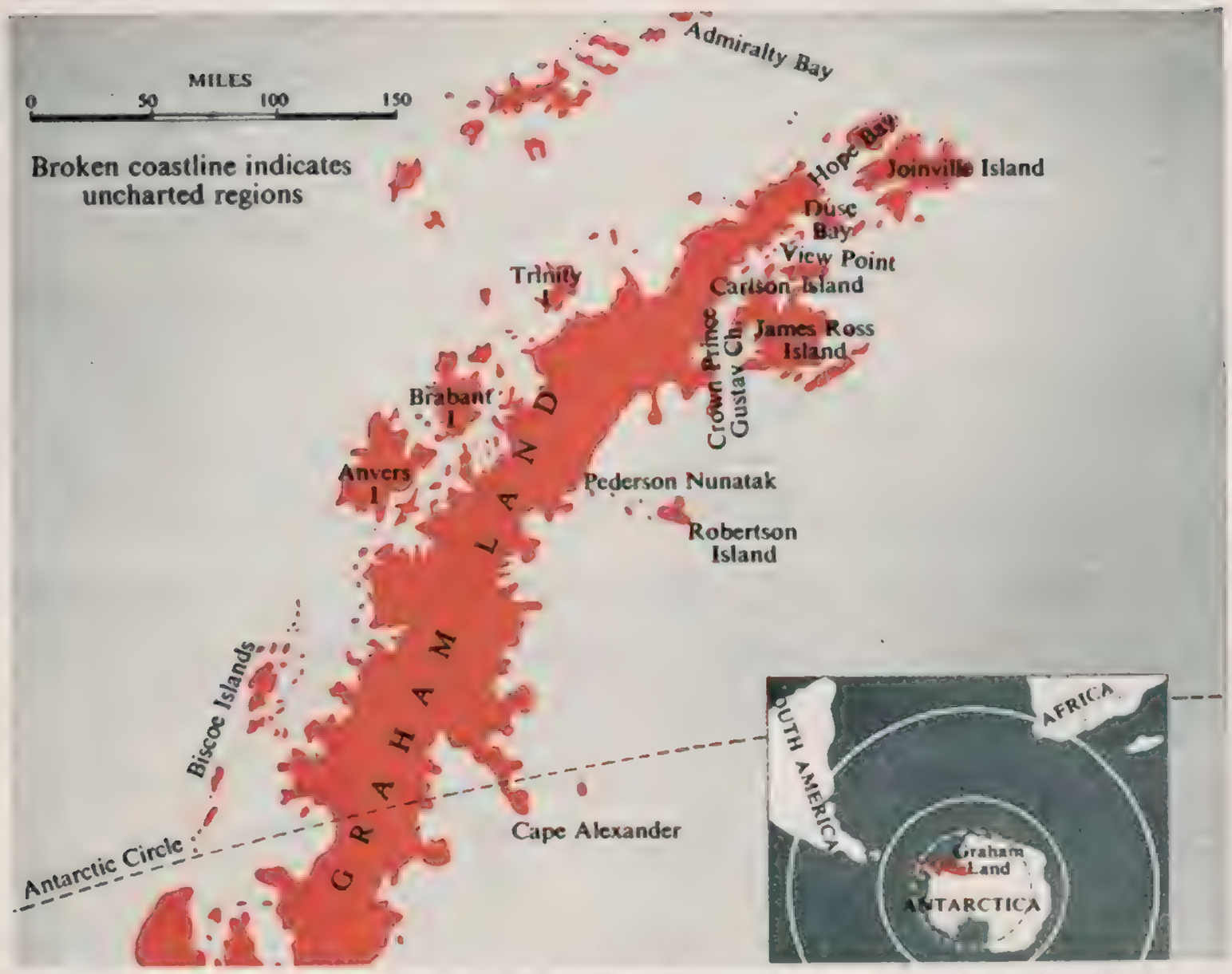
On Christmas Day we listened to the Queen's speech. It was followed by *Expedition South*, a radio programme composed mainly of recordings I had made.

Then, after supper, we skied down to a party at "Wogville," as the Argentine base was called, to be met by eighteen smiling faces and much energetic hand-shaking and back-slapping. We returned to our hut by midnight to find that Tait, who had insisted on doing met. duty, had put a toy-filled stocking above each man's bunk.

On January 6 I went on my first sledging journey, a trip vital to my future planning.

Over the Tabaran Peninsula, whose ridge rose up behind the hut, is Duse Bay. On the far side of that, seventeen miles from base, is View Point. We had a hut there, which I intended enlarging to hold four men and using as an

Outside work at Base D is hazardous, and often equipment is lacking. To do repairs, Tait shins up a radio mast. When supplies arrived (below) every man was needed to haul them from the ship



From Hope Bay, in northern Graham Land, Base D controls a seven hundred mile wilderness of snow and ice. Anderson's main task was to complete the mapping of uncharted regions

advanced base. But it was important for me to know whether a sledge and dogs could be brought back to base if the sea ice broke up in Duse Bay. If an overland route existed our entire survey programme would not be held up.

It was midsummer, but the snow was hard with the temperature well below freezing on the morning we set out. Our dog team, the Players, was in fine fettle, and we sledged up the stiff slope above the base to Nobby Nunatak on the ridge, then to Summit Pass, over *astrugi*, a snow surface blown into a rippled effect.

The ice on Duse Bay was partly intact. We decided it looked safe enough, and made good time towards View Point, until we were stopped six miles short of it by leads of open water. Then a thick mist came up from the sea, and we agreed that, although it was not a wise place to camp, it was a lesser risk than going in.

So my first experience of camping in the Antarctic was on uncertain ice. We pitched our tent together, and went through the routine as "outside man" and "inside man," rôles which we would alternate from day to day. I began as "outside man." I had to unload the sledge and pass the sleeping bags, food, and the pots and pans box, through the sleeve entrance of the tent, to Tait, acting "inside man."

He unpacked and laid out the sleeping bags on their sheepskin rugs, got the Primus stove started, and cooked our evening meal. Meanwhile I picketed down the dogs and fed them.

We were up at 7.30 next morning, and set off after breakfast of porridge and coffee. The sky was clear, the air crisp and cold, and the snow surface just right.

We skirted round the leads, but an hour's "running" got us into brash, where the sea ice had buckled under pressure and frozen with a confusion of bergs into a lunar landscape of gleaming surrealistic shapes and blue shadows.

Tait led the way through it, while I followed, handling the sledge. At one place a steep surface sloped towards a patch of water, and the sledge began to slip sideways. I could not hold it on its course, and I wound up in the water.

It was the first of several duckings. The final indignity was as I walked up over the land to the hut: the ice gave way under me and I fell through into a rushing melt-water stream. We spent the afternoon drying out our sleeping bags and clothing, then after an early supper we went to bed in the cosy little hut.

Early next day we ski'd up a smooth slope to reconnoitre the route to the plateau. It seemed good and hard, without any tell-tale sagging of snow over crevasses. We got up to about two thousand feet, where we built a cairn of rocks, our signature in that mighty wilderness, before returning to the hut.

Next morning we set out again. We had a fine run up to the top of the plateau, and by 3.30 that afternoon reached Blade Ridge, which leads into Mount Taylor overlooking Hope Bay. We picketed the dogs and began to climb the ridge to see if a route down to the base existed. We went up roped to each other, ascending with the help of our ice-axes; then we had to get up an almost perpendicular rock face.

At last we climbed the ridge and looked down over the other side on a sheer drop of two hundred feet to Depot Glacier beneath. There was no way down. We could see the base hut, but it looked as if we would have to go all the way round by Duse Bay. Then we noticed a col between the shoulder of Mount Taylor and the next peak from which there appeared to be a steep but level run down the other side.

We climbed down from the ridge, and drove the sledge round to the base of the col, as high as the dogs could take it. We picketed down the dogs and unloaded the sledge. Tait, who went up to the col, hauled up the loads by rope.

I went up with each dog, myself secured to the end of a rope, with Tait belaying it at the top. Last of all we pulled up the sledge, after which we had to lower the lot down the other side. The job took six hours.

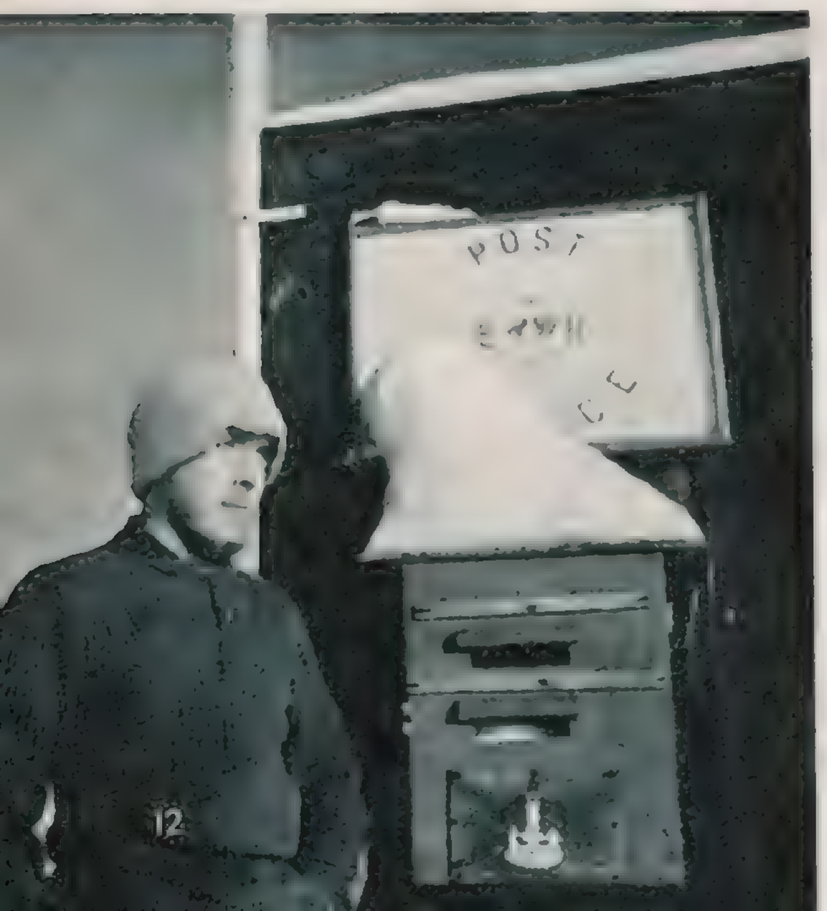
The rest of the journey to base was downhill, and we did the steeper parts with a thick rope tied under the runners to prevent the sledge from running away. We got back about midnight, thrilled at being the first humans ever to have broken that mountain trail. . . .

I spent the next weeks getting to know huskies, on which Antarctic explorers have relied—and probably always will rely. Unlike mechanical transport, they can, in an emergency, be used as food. We bred most of our

Mail is sent from Base D only two or three times a year. But the base awoke one day to find that Clarke had built a postbox

At twenty-five Lewis had spent four years in the Antarctic as a meteorologist. Weather reports go out every six hours, day and night

Willis (left) and Worswick on a sledging trip. Willis served with Anderson in Korea. Worswick was the base strong man. Once he bent a traffic sign to win a bet



own dogs, and after ten years had produced a type specially adapted for F.I.D.S. purposes—the Hope Bay husky, rated one of the finest of that breed in the world.

Temperamentally, it is no different from the rest of the husky tribe, being excitable, difficult to control and prone to fighting. Often I had to climb out of my tent during a blizzard to stop my huskies from killing each other in the night.

Huskies are essentially team animals. Once, when I tried to take a couple for a walk on a fine evening, I could not get them to leave their companions. They are trained to pull, and when not working they are kept tied up.

F.I.D.S. policy did not allow for any sentiment over dogs. They were there to work, and any pups not up to standard were destroyed.

We ate one of our old dogs, Scottie, to see what dog tasted like, in case we ran out of food on a journey and had to start eating the team. The meat and liver were excellent, but the meal was a gloomy one: we all liked Scottie.

It would have cost £50 a day to feed all our dogs on pemmican, so we went sealing for dog meat. We would go out by dinghy, shoot or club the seals, gut them, rope them through the mouth, and tow them back. It was hard work and we tended to overlook the dangers. An Antarctic bay can be treacherous, even when the intense blue water seems nearly still, with the bergs rising and falling like beautiful white monsters breathing gently in their sleep.

ONE night in the late summer I went out after thirteen seal with Derek Clarke and Murdo Tait. Six seal were on one floe, seven on another. I shot the six with a rifle, and while Tait remained on the floe to do the gutting, Clarke took me on to the other floe. He left me there to kill and gut the seven, and went back in the dinghy to help Tait.

They decided to tow the six back in two batches, but it took about two hours. Meanwhile, dusk fell and a primrose-coloured moon cast a strange glow over a silent, unearthly scene. The temperature dropped sharply.

My boots were full of water and the cold began eating into me. I could see the lights of our hut three miles away, and I longed for the snug comfort of the bunk house. I kept warm by marching up and down like a sentry, doing arms drill with the rifle and shouting words of command.

Then I realized I was drifting; there was no wind, but a current was taking me out to sea. I felt rather as if I were on a revolving stage, with a chorus of dead seals and an audience of ghosts.

I heard the dinghy coming out to the other floe for the second batch of seals and I shouted, but neither Tait nor Clarke heard me. Then I heard the dinghy going back to Boat Point. What really worried me was that when my companions did return they might not be able to find me, as the current had completely changed the position of the bergs.

Fortunately, I still had ten rounds of rifle ammunition, so when I heard the dinghy motor again I fired three shots to attract attention. Then by firing a shot at intervals I was able to guide Tait and Clarke to my floe.

"Where the devil have you been?" I demanded.

We still had to tow my lot back, and we made one slow journey of it. It was past one o'clock when we reached the hut.

Most of the seals we saw in Hope Bay were crab-eaters, harmless, blubbery creatures that would look on without moving away while their companions were killed and gutted alongside them. Occasionally, elephant seals, the largest of the species, turned up on floes in the bay. They were really tough. Alan Precious put eight revolver shots into the head of one elephant seal at point-blank range. It heaved itself into the water and we lost it. It measured all of seventeen feet.

Only the leopard seals were dangerous; they have been known to remove a man's arm with a bite of their six-inch interlocking teeth. But the most dangerous visitors were killer whales.

They hunted in packs, and to get at a basking seal would bite through an ice floe or surface under it to tip the seal into the water.

One morning I noticed a disturbance among the penguins off Boat Point. They were porpoising at speed in all directions. Later I saw the reason. Several killers surfaced among them with jaws snapping. Within a few minutes the ice shelf was punctuated with seals. We went down and killed the lot—twenty-nine, nearly a month's food for the dogs.

Our daily chores kept us busy through the summer. The tedious routine was alleviated by the parties to which we were invited at the Argentine base, and those we gave in return. We definitely gained on the exchange, because the Argentines were far better off, with seemingly unlimited stocks of food and wine. We were on cordial terms, and never discussed politics, except to agree that "politic no good."

"Let London-Buenos Aires have politic," Major Gonzales Mareno, my opposite number at the Argentine base, said one evening. "In Antarctic, British-Argentines very good amigos."

"The best," I replied. And we toasted international friendship.

Then one day Mareno stuck a post in the ground with the sign "Republica Argentina," and it was my uncomfortable duty to deliver a formal protest. I felt as I ski'd down to the Argentine hut that this would mean the end of going to their weekly film shows and the barbecues at which they served succulent lamb with rough red wine.

The major accepted my protest with a wink, then called for a bottle of the best. Several bottles were consumed before he and his officers would hear of my leaving. After that I went with a protest in one hand and a bottle of whisky in the other.

Other British base leaders found it as

Continued on page 42

Huskies take their seal meat from a sledge drawn by Alan Precious. At Hope Bay a special breed of husky is reared—one of the finest in the world

Parties with the Argentines eased the monotony of Antarctic life. They were always looking for an excuse to hold a celebration, says Anderson

Design for sunshine glamour

by DAVID MILLWOOD

A swimsuit that's smart on beach and in water? Harvey du Cros can make it with his engineering skill

Du Cros conducts a fitting session. Once he held a swimsuit together with a piece of rusty wire

As dawn came the rain began to fall. On the rolling, pitching deck of a thirty-foot fishing-boat in mid-Channel, Harvey du Cros huddled deeper into his overcoat. The managing director of a swimsuit manufacturing firm, du Cros was making the voyage for the sake of his business, accompanying a woman competitor who was wearing one of his costumes in a cross-Channel swimming contest.

When they were discussing the design a few months before, the swimmer had said: "Why don't you come along in the boat with my trainer?"

Although he is a bad sailor, and the trip meant sixteen to twenty hours at sea in a small boat, du Cros accepted the invitation. The publicity, he hoped, would make the trip worth while. But now, with the rain falling, the deck heaving, and another twelve hours to go before reaching shore, he began to wonder.

The rain kept up for three hours. Four miles from the shore, the swimmer gave up. Du Cros's chances of publicity disappeared. At 7 p.m., seventeen hours after embarking at Calais, he stepped ashore at Dover, tired, wet, and dispirited.

But he does not count the exploit as a complete washout. "I learned some useful hints on how a swimsuit stands up under intensive and testing use, and I was able to improve on later designs."

Du Cros, an enterprising leader in the swimsuit manufacturing industry, does not enjoy swimming, but he often takes a dip. At the seaside and at bathing pools he keeps a sharp eye open for his own designs and sometimes follows them into the water "to see how they behave."

He does not go to the length of testing women's costumes himself, but he does test new materials. In the past few years, his factory has made him an exotic collection of swimming trunks in nylon, cotton, rayon, wool, taffeta and satin.

Harvey Arthur William du Cros looks more like a college professor than a man who spends his life clothing women for the beach. Aged thirty-eight, he is a tall, studious-looking arts graduate. Ten years ago, he was a demobbed soldier in search of a peacetime occupation. Abandoning his training in the law and engineering, he borrowed £400 and set himself up in business as a swimsuit designer. "The only things I had ever designed were a hood for an Austin Seven and a housecoat for my wife."

Today du Cross has a large Georgian-style house at Henley-on-Thames and drives a Bentley. As managing director and chief designer of du Cros Fabrics, Ltd., he controls a factory at Maidenhead, Berkshire, and a world-wide sales organization with an annual turnover of £80,000. He is regarded as one of the most successful men in swimsuit manufacturing.

Du Cros's chief competitors in the mass-production field are Jantzen, Slix, Truman and Low, and Janet Dickinson. Jantzen sells more than the combined sales of all the other firms in the country, but with sales of women's swimsuits soaring there is fierce competition for second place.

"Our sales have doubled since 1954," says a spokesman for a large London store. "Customers who used to make one suit last two or three years now tend to buy a new one every season—one for swimming and a fancier one for the beach."

The fancier models give designers their biggest problems. Working at drawing boards with pins and paper patterns and scraps of material, du Cros and his business rivals vie with each other to produce designs which have a common aim: to make the various shapes of British women appear more attractive than they are.

Designers are helped in their task by such figure-flattering devices as strongly elasticated materials, boning, and foam rubber padding. Often, however, these devices are impracticable or too costly for mass production. Du Cros incorporates boning only in his more expensive range, which cost an average of four guineas.

He recently received a plea from a woman with a fifty-inch bust and fifty-two inch hips to design her a "dainty" costume. "The task was beyond me," he says. Swimsuits for problem figures are a speciality for corset makers, many of whom offer made-to-measure costumes at prices from twelve to eighteen guineas.

In the sales literature of the swimsuit manufacturers the sun is always shining and the bathers all have the proportions of the Venus de Milo. Du Cros uses a slinky silhouette of an undraped torso topped by a large straw hat as his trademark, and prints it alongside palm trees, opulent hotel balconies and the slogan "du Cros of London and Monte Carlo."

Asked recently what he relied on principally to sell his products, he pointed upwards to the sun, which was just disappearing behind a belt of cloud. "The British climate is the biggest hazard in this business. Efforts to persuade

Sales of swimsuits at a London store have doubled since 1954. The du Cros factory at Maidenhead now turns out a thousand a week

As his firm's chief designer, du Cros began to plan next year's fashions in April. The specimen suit is made from paper patterns

customers to buy early in the season cut little ice. A bad summer means bad business."

On the other hand, a heatwave means swollen profits. Half way through the warm spell of 1955 du Cros reorganized the production of his factory when retailers, their stocks exhausted, bombarded him with requests for "anything you can deliver in forty-eight hours." They were not trusting the sun to shine longer than that.

Gambling on the heatwave continuing into August, du Cros stopped production of the following season's designs, which he usually begins at that time of the year, and switched to repeats of the current season's models. By the end of September he had sold more swimsuits than during the previous two summers combined.

Du Cros starts work on designs in the spring, transferring an idea into paper patterns and then into a specimen costume. The specimen is modified or adapted according to its appearance on a model, as well as du Cros's tests with trunks of the same material, reports from swimmers and a testing laboratory, the comments of his wife and the reactions of buyers.

The swimmers who test his costumes are members of a London club to which he sends all his new designs and which he provides with swimsuits for use in aqua shows. They may save a manufacturer making costly mistakes.

A solicitor recently brought an action against a manufacturer alleging that when his wife was bathing the fastening at the back of her costume gave way and the top half fell off.

"Fasteners have caused us a lot of trouble in the past," says du Cros. "Imagine an outsize woman tugging hard at the slider of a zip-fastener to close up the back of her costume. The strain on the fastener is terrific."

Swimmers' tests are not always infallible. Some years ago, a customer complained to du Cros that her costume had changed from bright green to amber. He sent it with a duplicate to a testing laboratory, which reported that the duplicate reacted in a similar way to excessively chlorinated water. Tests with water containing the amount normally used at swimming baths were negative: fifty times the normal strength was needed before the colour changed.

Du Cros concluded that the customer had leaned against the inlet pipe at a swimming bath and that a concentrated chlorine solution had affected her suit.

Today, manufacturers have largely solved the problem of colour fastness. "The dyes we now use are applied at the yarn stage. They withstand one hundred per cent over-chlorination."

Du Cros gives the credit for most of his best-selling lines to his wife, who in the early days of the business tested all the designs herself. Two years ago, she suggested the idea of a high-necked suit with knee-length bloomers. Du Cros called it "daddy long-legs."

"It startled the buyers, who regarded it as a freak. They gamely bought one or two but failed to sell a single one. A few weeks ago, someone resurrected it for a television programme and I have since had dozens of orders. I get quite a kick out of being told that the design strongly resembles one of the latest Dior creations."

The grandson of the founder of the Dunlop Rubber company, du Cros was educated at Rugby and Cambridge and took his B.A. degree in 1940. During the war, he worked in aircraft factories, taught wireless telegraphy in the Royal Corps of Signals, then transferred to the Ordnance Corps and went to India as an ordnance planning officer.

An interest in design and dressmaking provided him with an idea for a postwar occupation. But Board of Trade regulations prevented his start in business when he returned home. A sympathetic official of the board suggested, unofficially, how to overcome them—by using his demob clothing coupons to buy the necessary materials.

"With each sale I made a small money profit and a coupon profit of one hundred per cent. By the end of clothes rationing in March, 1949, I had a float of 25,000 coupons and a turnover of £3,000 a month."

Today, his factory turns out a thousand swimsuits a week. In 1957, he plans to add a £5,000 extension and reach a turnover of £100,000.

Some years ago the International Wool Secretariat invited him to show one of his woollen suits at an exhibition at the Savoy Hotel, London. Using his engineering experience, which includes two years' apprenticeship at the Austin Motor works and the assembly of wings for bomber aircraft, he designed the first backless, strapless swimsuit. A photograph of a model wearing the suit at the Savoy covered almost a full page of a national newspaper next morning.

In reply to people who asked: "How does it stay put?" du Cros answered discreetly: "It works on the cantilever principle." Later he confided to friends that the suit was quite impracticable to manufacture and that it depended for its stability on a piece of rusty wire that he found in his garden.

Du Cros spent two days twisting the wire into different shapes with a pair of pliers. Finally, satisfied that the framework was mechanically sound, he designed a suit to fit round it. The model who wore it at the Savoy was fitted by screwdriver. The ends of the wire met at a small metal collar on the hips. When a screw at this collar was tightened, the ends were pulled closer together. This had the effect of pressing the bodice closer to her body.

Despite the congratulations he received, du Cros recalls the exhibition with mixed feelings. "All I could think of was the endless twisting I gave that old piece of wire, and its chances of snapping."

THE END

Swimsuits have to get wet as well as look elegant. Tests at a swimming pool ensure there will be no unexpected flaws

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Sir George burst into the room as Inspector Bland questioned Miss Brewis. "You've got to find Hattie," he said

DEAD MAN'S FOLLY

by AGATHA CHRISTIE

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

Marlene was dead; Lady Stubbs had disappeared. And meanwhile two hundred people enjoyed the fête....Two hundred suspects, thought Inspector Bland

VERY gently Hercule Poirot pushed Ariadne Oliver aside and bent over the still figure on the floor. A muffled exclamation broke from his lips. He looked up: "So," he said, "that which you expected has happened. . . ."

Mrs. Oliver, famous writer of detective stories, had been called to Nasse House to arrange the clues for a murder hunt that was to be the high spot of a summer fête in the grounds. But when it seemed that someone was twisting her game to plan real murder, she sent for Hercule Poirot—ostensibly to give away the murder hunt prizes.

Nasse was the home of Sir George Stubbs, a middle-aged, self-made man. Hattie, his wife, was a beautiful Creole from the West Indies. Old Mrs. Folliat, whose family had owned Nasse for centuries—and who now lived in the Lodge—had looked after Hattie since her parents died. She told Poirot that, despite her beauty, the girl was undeniably simple.

But when Hattie heard that Etienne de Sousa, a West Indian cousin she had not seen since childhood, was coming to Nasse, Poirot caught a wary shrewdness in her eyes. Was she, he pondered, so simple after all?

De Sousa moored his yacht at Helmmouth and came up river to Nasse by launch during the fête. But Hattie was not there to receive him. She had disappeared.

Seeking her, Poirot strolled with Ariadne Oliver round the murder hunt course . . . to the boathouse, where a Girl Guide was playing the part of the "body."

She was playing it extremely realistically, thought Poirot. Then, as he drew closer, he saw that she was not playing a game at all. A clothes line was drawn tight around the neck of Marlene Tucker, a fourteen-year-old village girl, who, as far as was known, had not an enemy in the world. . . .

Poirot could not tell the inspector much about de Sousa and Lady Stubbs. "All she told me," he said, "was that he was bad—a bad man"

PART THREE

A Shock For Sir George

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR BLAND sat behind a table in the study. Sir George had met him on arrival, taken him down to the boathouse, and returned with him to the house. Down at the boathouse a photographic unit was now busy, and the fingerprint men and the medical officer had just arrived.

"This do for you here all right?" asked Sir George.

"Very nicely, thank you, sir."

"What am I to do about this fête that's going on, tell 'em about it, stop it, or what?"

Inspector Bland considered for a moment or two. "What have you done so far, Sir George?" he asked.

"Haven't said anything. There's a sort of idea floating round that there's been an accident. Nothing more than that. I don't think anyone's suspected yet that it's—er—well, murder."

"Then leave things as they are just for the moment," decided Bland. "The news will get round fast enough," he added cynically. He thought again for a moment or two before asking: "How many people do you think there are at this affair?"

"Couple of hundred I should say," answered Sir George, "and more pouring in every moment. People seem to have come from a good long way round. In fact the whole thing's being a roaring success. Damned unfortunate."

Inspector Bland sighed. "A couple of hundred —and any one of them, I suppose, could have done it."

"Tricky," said Sir George sympathetically. "But I don't see what reason any one of them could have had. The whole thing seems quite fantastic. I don't see who would want to go murdering a girl like that."

"How much can you tell me about the girl? She was local, I understand?"

"Yes. Her people live in one of the cottages down near the quay. Her father works at one of the local farms—Paterson's I think." He added: "The mother was here at the fête this afternoon. Miss Brewis—that's my secretary—and she can tell you about everything much better than I can—Miss Brewis winkled the woman out and is giving her cups of tea."

"Quite so," said the inspector approvingly. "I'm not quite clear yet, Sir George, as to the circumstances of all this. What was the girl doing down there in the boathouse? I understand there's some kind of a murder hunt—or treasure hunt, going on."

SIR GEORGE nodded. "Yes. We all thought it rather a bright idea. Doesn't seem quite so bright now. I think Miss Brewis can probably explain it all to you better than I can. I'll send her to you, shall I? Unless there's anything else you want to know about first."

"Not at the moment, Sir George. I may have more questions to ask you later. There are people I shall want to see. You, and Lady Stubbs, and the people who discovered the body. One of them, I gather, is the woman novelist who designed this murder hunt, as you call it."

"That's right. Mrs. Ariadne Oliver. She's a bit upset at present. I'll tell her you'll be wanting her, shall I? I don't know where my wife is. She seems to have disappeared completely."

Sir George left the room. The local police constable, Robert Hoskins, shut the door after him and then volunteered a statement, obviously intended as a commentary on some of Sir George's remarks.

"Lady Stubbs is a bit wanting," he said, "up here." He tapped his forehead. "That's why he said she wouldn't be much help. Scatty, that's what she is."

"Did he marry a local girl?"

"No. Foreigner of some sort."

Bland nodded. He was silent for a moment. Then he asked a question which was clearly off the reco

"Who did it, Hoskins?" he asked. If anyone did have any ideas as to what had been going

on, Bland thought, it would be P.C. Hoskins. Hoskins was a man of inquisitive mind with a great interest in everybody and everything. He had a gossiping wife and that, taken with his position as local constable, provided him with vast stores of information of a personal nature.

"Foreigner, if you ask me," Hoskins said. "'Twouldn't be anyone local. The Tuckers is all right. Nice, respectable family. Nine of 'em, all told. Two of the older girls is married, one boy in the navy, the other one's doing his National Service, and another girl's over to a hairdresser's at Torquay. There's three younger ones at home, two boys and a girl." He paused, considering. "None of 'em's what you'd call bright, but Mrs. Tucker keeps her home nice, clean as a pin—youngest of eleven, she was. She's got her old father living with her."

Given in Hoskins's particular idiom, this information was an outline of the Tucker's social position and standing.

"That's why I say it was a foreigner," continued Hoskins. "One of those that stop up't the youth hostel at Hoodown, likely as not. There's some queer ones among them."

Inspector Bland sighed as he thought to himself that it was not quite as easy as that. It was all very well for Constable Hoskins to put the blame conveniently on "foreigners."

The door opened and the doctor walked in. Bland said: "Well, Doc, what's the finding?"

"Simple and straightforward as it can be," said the doctor. "No complication. Garrotted with a piece of clothes line. No struggle of any kind beforehand. I'd say the kid didn't know what was happening to her until it had happened."

"Any signs of assault?"

"None."

"Not presumably a sexual crime, then?"

"I wouldn't say so, no." The doctor added: "I shouldn't say she'd been a particularly attractive girl."

"Was she fond of the boys, Hoskins?"

"I wouldn't say they'd much use for her," said Constable Hoskins, "though maybe she'd have liked it if they had."

"Maybe," agreed Bland. His mind went back to the pile of comic papers in the boathouse and the idle scrawls on the margin—*Johnny goes with Kate* and *Georgie Porgie kisses hikers in the wood*. He thought there had been a little wishful thinking there.

"What about time of death?" he asked.

THE doctor glanced at his watch. "Just after half-past five now," he said. "Say I saw her about twenty past five—she'd been dead about an hour. Roughly, that is to say. Put it between four and twenty to five. Let you know if there's anything more after the autopsy."

He left the room and Inspector Bland sent for Miss Brewis.

"Mrs. Tucker's in my sitting-room," Miss Brewis said as she sat down. "I've broken the news to her and given her some tea."

"Thank you," said Inspector Bland. "I think before I see Mrs. Tucker I would like to hear what you and Lady Stubbs can tell me."

"I don't know where Lady Stubbs is," said Miss Brewis acidly. "I rather imagine she got bored with the fête and has wandered off. What exactly is it that you want to know?"

"I want to know all the details of this murder hunt first, and of how this girl, Marlene Tucker, came to be taking a part in it."

"That's quite easy." Succinctly and clearly Miss Brewis explained the idea of the murder hunt as an original attraction for the fête, the engaging of Mrs. Oliver, the well-known novelist, to write a story containing clues for the game.

"Originally," Miss Brewis explained, "Mrs. Alec Legge was to have taken the part of the victim."

"Mrs. Alec Legge?" queried the inspector.

Constable Hoskins put in an explanatory word. "She and Mr. Legge have the Lawders' cottage, the pink one down by Mill Creek. Come here a month ago they did. Two or three months they got it for."

"I see. And Mrs. Legge, you say, was originally supposed to be the victim? Why was that changed?"

"Well, one evening Mrs. Legge told all our fortunes and was so good at it that it was decided we'd have a fortune-teller's tent as one of the attractions, and that Mrs. Legge should put on eastern dress and be Madame Zuleika and tell fortunes at half a crown a time. Mrs. Legge agreed to help us that way and so we had to find somebody else to do the body. The local Guides were helping us at the fête and I think someone suggested that one of the Guides would do quite well."

"Just who was it who suggested that, Miss Brewis?"

"Really, I don't quite know . . . I think it may have been Mrs. Masterton, the Member's wife. No, perhaps it was Captain Warburton, Masterton's agent. Really I can't be sure. But anyway it *was* suggested."

"Is there any reason why this particular girl should have been chosen?"

"N-no, I don't think so. Her people are tenants on the estate, and her mother, Mrs. Tucker, sometimes comes to help in the kitchen. I don't know quite why we settled on her. Probably her name came to mind first. She was a very moronic kind of girl, but we asked her and she seemed quite pleased to do it."

"What exactly was it that she had to do?"

"She had to stay in the boathouse. When she heard anyone coming to the door she was to lie down on the floor, put the cord round her neck and sham dead. She had a pile of papers and things to read to keep her amused."

"And something to eat as well?" said the inspector. "I noticed there was a tray down there with a plate and glass."

"Oh yes, she had a big plate of sweet cakes, and a raspberry fruit drink. I took them down to her myself."

Bland looked up sharply. "You took them down to her? When?"

"About the middle of the afternoon."

"What time exactly? Can you remember?"

Miss Brewis considered a moment. "Let me see. Children's Fancy Dress was judged, there was a little delay—Lady Stubbs couldn't be found, but Mrs. Folliat took her place, so that was all right. . . . Yes, it must have been—I'm almost sure—about five minutes past four that I collected the cakes and the fruit drink."

"And you took them down to her at the boathouse yourself. What time did you reach there?"

"Oh, it takes about five minutes to go down to the boathouse—about quarter-past four, I should think."

"And at quarter-past four Marlene Tucker was alive and well?"

"Yes, of course."

"How did you find her when you arrived at the boathouse? I mean, was she lying on the floor shamming dead?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Brewis, "because I called out just before I got there. She opened the door and I took the tray in and put it on the table."

"At a quarter-past four," said Bland, writing it down, "Marlene Tucker was alive and well. You will understand, I'm sure, Miss Brewis, that that is a very important point. You are quite sure of your times?"

"I can't be exactly sure because I didn't look at my watch, but I had looked at it a short time previously and that's as near as I can get." She added, with a sudden dawning realization of the inspector's point, "Do you mean that it was soon after——"

"It can't have been very long after, Miss Brewis."

"Oh, dear," said Miss Brewis. It was a rather inadequate expression, but nevertheless it conveyed Miss Brewis's dismay and concern.

"Now, Miss Brewis, on your way down to the boathouse and on your way back again to the house, did you meet anybody or see anyone near the boathouse?"

MISS BREWIS considered. "No," she said. "I didn't meet anyone. I might have, of course, because the grounds are open to everyone this afternoon. But on the whole people tend to stay round the lawn and the sideshows. Though I think," she added, with sudden memory, "that there was someone in the Folly."

"The Folly?"

"Yes. A small white temple arrangement. It's to the right of the path as you go down to the boathouse. There was someone in there. A courting couple, I suspect. Someone was laughing and then someone said 'Hush.'"

"You don't know who this courting couple were?"

"I've no idea. You can't see the front of the

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

Fighting Doesn't Pay

by EDWARD LINDALL

Shan was furious, but he couldn't quarrel with me—not unless there was something big to fight about

Spirits On The Roof

by RONALD BYRON

There was only one chance left for William. . . . Perhaps a witch doctor could handle these demons

The Man With The X-Ray Mind

The amazing story of a Dutchman who is baffling Europe's criminals and police. He solves crimes by extra-sensory perception—but can't explain how

Folly from the path. The sides and back are enclosed."

The inspector thought for a moment or two, but it did not seem likely to him that the couple in the Folly were important. Better find out who they were, perhaps, because they in their turn might have seen someone coming up from or going down to the boathouse.

"And there was no one else on the path? No one at all?" he insisted.

"I see what you're driving at, of course," said Miss Brewis. "I can only assure you that I didn't meet anyone. But then, you see, I needn't have. I mean, if there had been anyone on the path who didn't want me to see them, it's the simplest thing in the world just to slip behind the rhododendron bushes."

Bland sighed. "Oh, well," he said. "I suppose I'd better see the mother now."

Mrs. Tucker was a thin-faced woman with stringy blonde hair and a sharp nose. Her eyes were reddened with crying, but she had herself in hand now, and was ready to answer the inspector's questions.

"Doesn't seem right that a thing like that should happen," she said. "You read of these things in the papers, but that it should happen to our Marlene——"

GENTLY, Inspector Bland said: "I'm very, very sorry about it. What I want you to do is to think as hard as you can and tell me if there is anyone who could have had any reason to harm the girl?"

"I've been thinking about that already," said Mrs. Tucker, with a sudden sniff. "Thought and thought, I have, but I can't get anywhere. Words with the teacher at school, Marlene had now and again, but there's nobody who'd do her a mischief."

"She never talked to you about anyone who might have been an enemy of any kind?"

"She talked silly often, Marlene did, but nothing of that kind. It was all make-up and hair-dos and what she'd like to do to her face and herself. You know what girls are. Far too young she was to put on lipstick and all that muck, and her dad told her so, and so did I. But that's what she'd do when she got hold of any money. Buy herself scent and lipsticks and hide them away."

Bland nodded.

"What her dad'll say, I don't know," said Mrs. Tucker. "Coming here any minute, he'll be, expecting to enjoy himself. He's a rare shot at the coconuts, he is." She broke down suddenly and began to cry. "If you ask me," she sobbed, "it was one of them nasty foreigners up at the hostel."

Still weeping, Mrs. Tucker was escorted from the room by Constable Hoskins.

Inspector Bland sent for Mrs. Oliver.

The inspector was slightly startled by the sight of Mrs. Oliver. He had not expected anything so voluminous, so purple, and in such a state of emotional disturbance.

"I feel awful," said Mrs. Oliver, sinking down in the chair in front of him like a purple blancmange. "Because, you see, it's my murder. I did it!"

For a moment Inspector Bland thought Mrs. Oliver was accusing herself of the crime.

"In my murder hunt story I mean," Mrs. Oliver explained. "Though why I should ever have wanted the Yugoslavian wife of an atom scientist to be the victim, I can't imagine," said Mrs. Oliver, sweeping her hands through her hair-do in a frenzied manner, with the result that she looked slightly drunk. "Absolutely asinine. It might just as well have been the second gardener who wasn't what he seemed—and

Continued on page 34

Mrs Tucker broke down suddenly and began to cry. "If you ask me," she sobbed, "it was one of them nasty foreigners up at the hostel"

Collins and Stirling Moss (with hand on Collins's shoulder) relax after taking second place at Le Mans last month

Peter Collins, 100-m.p.h. cavalier

by JOHN SANDILANDS

He's racing for the world championship. But he casually brushes aside success. "I do it for the thrills," he says

At the end of the gruelling 670-mile Tour of Sicily motor race last April, a red Ferrari flashed past the chequered finishing flag nearly a minute ahead of its nearest rival and pulled into the pits.

The driver, a stocky, fair-haired Englishman named Peter Collins, was immediately surrounded by a jubilant crowd of supporters, and a steward approached with the winner's garland to place round his neck.

To the crowd's amazement Collins shook his head, waved the garland away and gestured towards a Maserati, driven by the Italian Piero Taruffi, which had come in behind him.

"Peter had driven brilliantly in the last 190 miles to close an eight-minute gap and overtake Taruffi," says an English observer, "but he was genuinely unaware that he had won. Even more surprisingly, he seemed quite unmoved when the misunderstanding was cleared up."

Collins, a twenty-four year old prodigy with a pugnacious chin, deep-set blue eyes and an unruly blond forelock, prefers to regard motor racing itself as more important than results and popular acclaim, and consistently maintains a startlingly cavalier attitude towards success.

"Although I am paid to drive, I look upon myself as an amateur in the proper sense of the word," he says. "I love racing for its thrills and excitement and I have little time for the hero-worship which goes with it."

His attitude both puzzles and occasionally piques the rest of the professional motor-racing world for Collins is now challenging the current champion, Juan Fangio, and established drivers including Stirling Moss and Jean Behra for this year's world championship.

Opponents viewing his recent wins in the French Grand Prix, the Belgian Grand Prix and the Italian Monza sports car race, a hat trick whose prizes total about £22,000, find his financial achievements even more difficult to reconcile with his stated approach to the sport's rewards.

"It makes you wonder," says a rival grimly, "what he would do if he was in it strictly for money."

Collins's manager, Kenneth Gregory, who handles the financial end of his career, has no doubts that Collins's enthusiasm for motor racing far outweighs his acquisitive urge. "Even if he had to pay for the privilege, Peter would still go anywhere for a race," he says.

Last year Collins was relaxing in Paris for a few days before competing in a race at the Montlhéry circuit when he received an urgent telephone call asking him to stand-in for another driver in a meeting six hundred miles away.

"The race was on the day before his own event," says a member of the team, "but he accepted at once, drove the six hundred miles in ten hours, arrived just in time to qualify, took part in the meeting—and set off immediately afterwards for an all-night drive to keep his date in Paris."

The youngest in the battle for the world title, Collins is in his first full season with Ferrari's. In the Monaco Grand Prix last May, engine failure put Fangio, Ferrari's number one driver, out of the race early on and Collins capitalized on the situation to move into second place close behind Stirling Moss.

As number one, Fangio had the right to take over, and later in the race Collins was flagged into the pits to allow the world champion back into the running.

"The crowd roared its disapproval and even the Ferrari mechanics turned their backs in disgust," says a friend who was present. "Peter just shrugged his shoulders and walked calmly to his seat."

Three weeks later a similar situation developed in the twenty-fourth lap of the Belgian Grand Prix at Spa. On this occasion, Fangio waived his right and Collins, driving faultlessly, went ahead to win the race at the record average speed of 118.4 m.p.h.

"The win, over one of the world's fastest road circuits, automatically put him in the front rank of racing drivers," says a motoring expert who knows him well. "But his main reaction afterwards was pleasure at being able to give the car its head after sticking behind Fangio for twenty-four laps."

Normally a high-spirited practical joker with an admitted fondness for parties and female company, Peter Collins assumes a clear-thinking responsibility beyond his years once he is at the wheel of a racing car and he is acknowledged as tougher than many of his more seasoned opponents.

"Peter is not the fastest driver in the world, but he is one of the most intelligent," says Stirling Moss, a close personal friend who has raced both with him and against him throughout his driving career. "His judgment of distance, reflexes, and nerve are first rate but his strength lies in his canny tactics. He is extremely difficult to shake off and is always ideally placed to take advantage of any mistakes or mechanical failure among the cars ahead of him."

"Even when he has a spill he is a hard man to stop," says Pat Griffiths, a driver who shared

Collins's car in the Mille Miglia two years ago. Well placed in the last stages of the thousand-mile race through Italy, Collins went into a bend a shade too fast through the snaking mountain roads near Siena, skidded broadside and slid down an incline to finish up against a boulder above a three hundred foot drop.

"He waited until some peasants arrived to help to push the car back on to the road and got straight back into the race," says Griffiths. "We drove for another hundred miles before brake failure put us out."

According to Mike Hawthorn, Collins's co-driver at Monza this year, Collins appears to achieve complete mental detachment while at the wheel, a quality shared by most of the great Continental experts but rarely found in British drivers. Friends who have been driven by him on road journeys have noticed that whenever he drops out of the conversation for a spell the speed of the car increases, but it falls again when his attention is diverted.

In May last year, returning to England after a gruelling run in the Mille Miglia, Collins stepped off the cross-Channel ferry at Dover on Saturday morning, bought a paper and discovered that his father had entered him for the 180-mile International Trophy race at Silverstone that afternoon.

"When he arrived after a non-stop dash by car, he was obviously tired and a bit flustered," says his father, Pat Collins, a former racing driver, who keeps a close eye on his son's career, "but on his first trip back to the pits after the race started he was as calm and happy as though he had been on a week's holiday, and he went on to win the event."

Collins first learned to drive at the age of nine. His father, who owns a garage at Kidderminster, Worcestershire, hoped to avoid complications by not allowing him to drive until he was old enough to hold a licence, but Peter enlisted the help of a friendly garage hand for lessons in the cabin of an old lorry in a field behind his home.

The first time Pat realized his son's proficiency was when Peter was fourteen. His father took him on a trip to Leyland in Lancashire to collect a new eight-wheel truck. On the return journey, after lunching at a transport café, Pat collapsed with food poisoning.

"I came to in the surgery of a doctor at Kidderminster to realize that Peter had driven the lorry seventy-five miles home," he says.

From an early age Collins had been voicing his ambition to be a racing driver and his father was now sufficiently impressed to regard it as a possibility. He allowed his son to leave Bromsgrove Grammar School—where he played rugby for the school team—at the age of sixteen to join the engineering side of his business.

The mechanical knowledge he acquired in the garage has since proved invaluable in his racing career. Collins has a reputation among racing mechanics for his ability to diagnose accurately engine troubles during a race, and he is frequently able to "nurse" cars which normally would have to retire through mechanical defects.

When he was seventeen, Collins took part in aerodrome races, hill climbs and speed trials in a 500 c.c. Cooper, but had little success. During the winter he modified the car and in the following year made headlines by winning the first 500 c.c. race at Silverstone. In that year he won seventeen first prizes, sold the car in favour of an 1,100 c.c. model, and in the next year won twenty-seven awards.

His consistency caught the eye of the Aston Martin racing organization. He was signed up to drive for them and also made appearances for H.W.M. in Grand Prix cars.

On his first try at Silverstone in the £7,000 Thin Wall, Collins nearly broke the lap record. "A future world-beater," he was called

Peter Collins chats with a friend in the pits before the start of this year's Le Mans race. Off-track, he is a high-spirited practical joker

In May, 1954, his talents received further recognition. A telephone call to Kidderminster at five o'clock one morning from the millionaire car owner Tony Vandervell invited Collins to Silverstone to try out Vandervell's £7,000 Thin Wall Special. Collins was at the track three hours later. On his first circuit with the huge twelve-cylinder car he lapped at 98.5 m.p.h. to come within a second of the lap record set up by the ex-world champion, Giuseppe Farina, with the same car.

Vandervell called him "a future world-beater" and he was nominated to drive the car in competition, a job previously entrusted to crack Continental drivers.

It was in one of Vandervell's cars the same year that Collins had one of his rare crashes. After a success at Goodwood he was bracketed with Stirling Moss and Mike Hawthorn as one of a trio of English stars likely to do well in the Spanish Grand Prix at Barcelona. On the day before the race he set out to do a slow circuit to test some adjustments to his car. Coming into a bend at eighty miles an hour he failed to notice that the hot sun had affected the road surface and skidded, knocking down three trees and a Spanish policeman.

"I was sorting myself out when another car rounded the curve and crashed into the straw bales on the other side," he says. "It was Stirling Moss. A few seconds later Mike Hawthorn's car screamed round the bend backwards and crashed farther down the road. The circuit was strewn with British talent."

In spite of his consuming interest in driving for its own sake, Collins is rarely happy as a passenger in other people's cars. "Having a racing driver beside them makes a lot of motorists determined to show their paces and they begin to take risks that a world champion would avoid," he says.

A short time ago, after winning at more than ninety miles an hour on the Dundrod circuit in Northern Ireland, Collins and his father were offered a lift back to Belfast by a young motor racing enthusiast.

"The youngster set off at break-neck speed," says Pat Collins, "and Peter got more uncomfortable with each hair-raising mile. Finally, on the outskirts of Belfast he asked the driver to stop and firmly insisted on walking the rest of the way."

THE END

A MATTER OF PRI

Martindale was the boss; he knew how to handle a mutiny. If David fought him the price of victory would be his future—and Ma

"It's Mr. Rivers, sir," Miss Starling said. Her voice quivered with disapproval, and the "sir" was hardly evident. She hesitated, and then came close to the desk. "Do you think it's advisable to see him," she asked in a low voice, "in the circumstances?"

Miss Starling never offered direct advice, but her questions were not put lightly. David Hirst wavered momentarily. Then he smiled affably. "You're quite right, Miss Starling," he said.

She turned away with no further word, her duty done. Her nominal superior had been firmly shown the path he ought to follow. Sometimes David almost hated her.

"You're quite right, Miss Starling," he repeated. "I'll take him out and buy him a cup of coffee instead."

He caught her shocked look as he swept past her. She wasn't used to having her advice ignored, and David knew that, as soon as he closed the door behind him, the grapevine would go into action. He still wasn't sure exactly how it was made up. Miss Starling had a great friend in the Administrative Department who was on gossiping terms with the personal assistant to the stores director. After that, he didn't know. But, whatever the route, the information eventually made its way to Mr. Vernon Martindale.

Oh, to hell with Vernon. David grimaced, and walked out to meet Rivers. They shook hands, and went to the nearby espresso bar.

"I hope my visit doesn't embarrass you," Rivers said.

"I should never have forgiven you if you had left without saying goodbye," David told him.

Rivers grinned. "The Starling didn't know if you were in or not. I gathered from that that policy was to pretend I had never existed."

"It's stupid. There's nothing I could do anyway. Not now."

"Was there ever?"

DAVID filled the ensuing silence by offering Rivers a cigarette. "Jack," he said at last, "you do realize, don't you, that they waited until I was safely out of the way before they rushed this fool thing through? Two months on the Continent to study personnel methods there . . . it was very pleasant, but Vernon's been gunning for you for a long time, and it made a perfect opportunity to get rid of you with no fuss."

"You exaggerate my importance," said Rivers. "Anyway, you don't know the end of the story. Martindale had me in his office to say goodbye; very dignified and forgiving—you know his style. I told him I'd got a job with Blake's at three hundred a year more than he was paying me."

"What happened?"

"He was livid. It seems that he hates to admit that anyone pays more than he does."

David laughed. "To be fair, I don't think many people do."

"No. Well the next day, I was approached by his confidential secretary. It seems that if I will write a carefully phrased letter, the whole thing will be forgotten and I shall be reinstated."

"That's something new."

"The trouble is, of course, that the old boy can hardly offer me an increase in salary, and I can't afford to chuck away an extra three hundred a year. So, though I shall be sorry to leave you all and I don't really like Blake's, I can't accept his offer."

"I shall miss you," David said. "If only I'd been here, I could have fought it."

"Look," said Rivers uneasily, "forgive me if I'm speaking out of turn. I know you're some sort of relation to Martindale by marriage and all that. But if you really upset the old boy, if you blocked him in the way I did, for instance, you'd meet the same fate that I have. And I shouldn't think you're in the position to take that sort of chance."

"I would have gone to the limit for you, Jack," said David firmly.

"Well—it's nice to know that," Rivers said.

David, as he walked slowly back to the office, wondered gloomily if he had been quite honest. It was easy enough to make gallant protestations when there was nothing he could do. But suppose another occasion did arise? Suppose he had to take the chance of losing everything? Would he, then, oppose Martindale to the limit?

When he opened the outer office door, Miss Starling turned to him with a smirk. She said: "Mr. Martindale telephoned, sir. He asked you to call him as soon as you came in."

Surely even the grapevine didn't work that fast? David picked up the phone which linked him direct with the chairman's office. He said: "Is that you, Vernon?"

"How are you, David? Well, I hope? I tried to get you just now."

"I was saying goodbye to Jack Rivers," said David, getting it in first.

"A great loss to us," Vernon said, his voice solemn over the telephone. "But I refuse to enter into an auction for the services of senior executives."

So that was to be the official line. David wondered if he really believed it. Not yet probably; but he would, in time.

"It seems to be some time since we had the opportunity for a chat," Vernon went on. "Perhaps you would join me for lunch?"

"Thank you. Shall I come to your private dining-room?"

"Good heavens, no! Meet me at my club."

David breathed a silent sigh of relief. That meant he hadn't done anything wrong. But he was not under the illusion that he had been invited on account of his social graces. Something was due for discussion.

Nevertheless, it was not until Martindale had lit a cigar that he got down to business.

"I understand," he said, "that you are to be congratulated."

It took David a few seconds to place the allusion. Then he remembered that Marion had played tennis with Martindale's step-daughter—and fainted after the first set.

"Yes. We're very pleased."

"As you should be. Children are a great blessing. Is Marion keeping well?"

"She's taking it easy now. No more tennis."

Martindale wasn't listening. Looking up at the domed ceiling, he said casually: "Will that

"You must do whatever you think is right," she said. "Not what Vernon thinks"

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ENGLAND v AUSTRALIA

TOTAL **117**

WICKETS **3**

LAST MAN **57**

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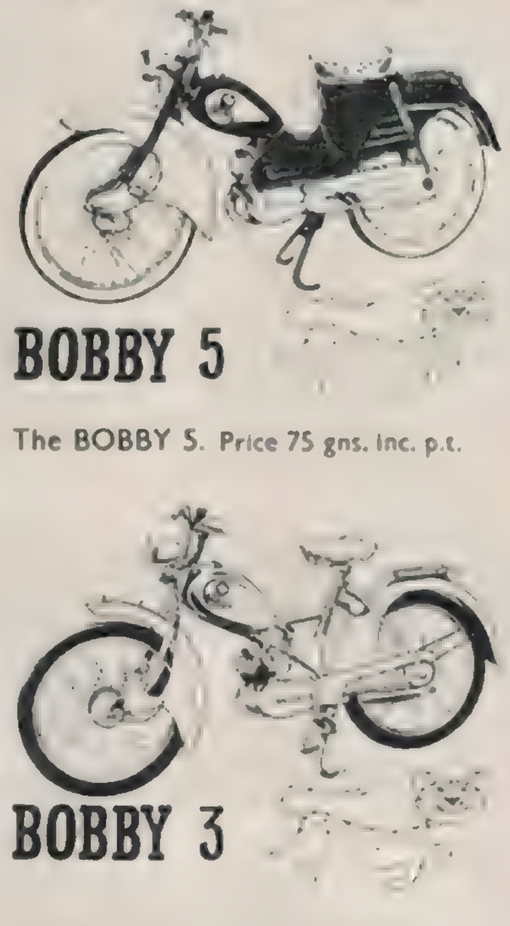

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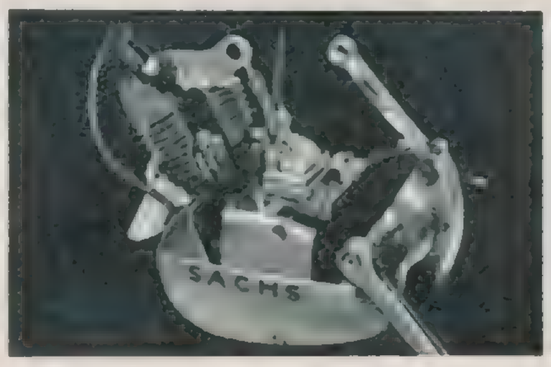

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flat in Kensington be large enough for you now?"

David felt a momentary twinge of annoyance. Martindale seemed always to know everything about everybody. "We're looking for a house now," he said briefly.

Martindale nodded. "London is no place for a baby. You need fresh air and sunshine."

He had even, rightly, taken it for granted that they would look for a place in the country.

"We really ought to see more of each other." Martindale waved his cigar, vaguely. "You must bring Marion to Sunningdale some time."

David nodded his acknowledgment of this verbal courtesy. Once, before he knew Martindale well, he had said: "We'd love to. When?" There had been a long, cold silence, and it had been weeks before he saw Martindale again.

"Have you got everything you need for your department?" Martindale asked, changing the subject. "Are your staff all right? I know you're doing a good job, but I'm not in touch with detail."

"I'm quite happy," said David.

"Miss Starling, of course, is a tower of strength."

"Perhaps she ought to be used in some more productive rôle," David said tentatively. "I'm not sure she quite fits into the Personnel Department."

"She was my confidential secretary for several years, you know," Martindale went on, ignoring him. He shook his head. "She was missed, greatly missed. The executive who enjoys her support is a lucky man indeed. It was with great regret that I gave her up, but the Personnel Department badly needed strengthening. That was before you took over, of course," he added.

It wasn't, it was a month afterwards, but David knew better than to contradict him.

Martindale looked at his watch and stood up. "I had no idea it was so late," he said. "I shall take a taxi. Can I give you a lift?"

"Thank you, no. I'll walk back."

As they walked out of the building and the commissionaire summoned a taxi, Martindale said: "By the way, what salary are you on?"

Taken aback, David said: "Seventeen-fifty."

"Not troubled with surtax, eh?"

"No."

"I'm very pleased with your work. Very pleased."

MARTINDALE climbed into the taxi, but immediately wound down the window. "A personnel manager can hardly adjust his own salary," he said, "so I'll have to do it for you. I shall put you on two thousand five hundred at the end of this month. Goodbye." And he was gone.

Thoughtfully, David walked back to his office. . . .

When David opened the door of the flat that evening, he heard Marion come out of the bedroom. She looked tired, and there were dark patches under her eyes. He said: "Darling, are you all right?"

"Now don't fuss, David. It's not the first baby, you know."

"Perhaps you ought to see the doctor——"

"I saw him last week, and I'm perfectly healthy. You mustn't keep worrying. There are four months to go yet, my dear, and I shall look a lot worse before it's all over."

"It's just that I feel I ought to share some of it."

She poured him a drink. "Well, you can't. Anything interesting happen today?"

David sipped his drink and told her. When he had finished, Marion said: "Why, that's wonderful! Now we shall be able to afford that little house we looked over."

"Just what Vernon intended, no doubt," David said bitterly.

Marion said, "What do you mean?" The pleasure began to leave her face.

"We had an expensive and leisurely lunch. And, if you analyse what Vernon said, it comes down to this." David ticked off his remarks on his fingers. "Marion is having another baby. Therefore a bigger place will be needed; therefore more money. So he gives me another seven-fifty a year. Or rather you, not me."

"But he said it was because you were doing so well."

David started to walk to and fro, frowning. "Vernon is living in the wrong age. He ought to have been a medieval baron. He thinks it is his personal responsibility to direct all the members of his family and see that they enjoy the standard of living to which he thinks they are entitled."

Marion said irritably: "Do stop walking about, you make me giddy. Doesn't it ever occur to you that Vernon might just think highly of your work?"

"No. You remember what happened when we were married?"

"We've been over all that."

David sat down, then got up and poured himself another drink. He remembered the first time he had met Vernon. Vernon had congratulated him on his marriage, and then took him aside.

"So you are a teacher," he said. "I have the greatest admiration for your profession."

They had discussed some of the problems of postwar education, on which Vernon seemed to be remarkably well informed. Later David

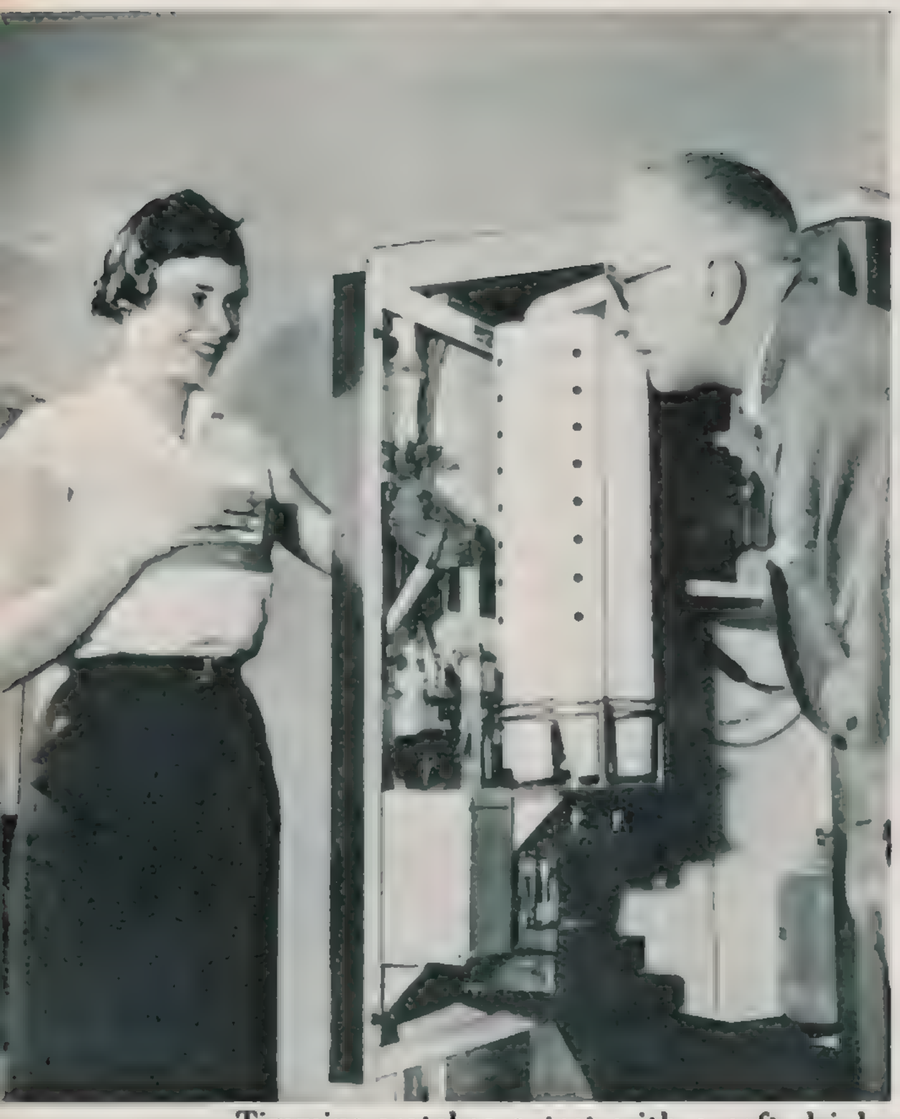
Continued on page 39

David took a cigarette; his fingers were shaking. Now his future was in Martindale's hands

The silent salesmen hit the jackpot

by RENÉ LECLER

Frank Timmins's slot machines cater for 60 million customers a year. They can tell the weight—and will soon cook meals



Timmins watches a test with a soft drinks machine. He believes that there will soon be coin-in-the-slot soups and hot stews

STANDING at London's Piccadilly Circus underground station one day last spring, Frank Timmins, head of an automatic machine company, saw a woman struggling with one of his cigarette machines. Despite a sign showing that the machine was empty, she had inserted a coin in the slot in the belief that the dummy packet of cigarettes at the top was a real one. Her coin kept coming back.

Timmins explained the workings of the machine to her and offered her his own cigarettes. Back in his office, he gave orders to alter thousands of machines by fixing the dummy on to the sliding weight of the column, so that when it was empty no sign of its normal contents should be visible.

He says: "We must test our machines, as members of the public will insist on misusing them. They may be merely misguided or, as it sometimes happens, they may find the temptation to beat an automatic machine too much for them." In one six months' period, his firm collected 140 lb. of slugs, ranging from tap washers to brass discs and foreign coins, which had by a fluke operated a mechanism. They formed about one per cent of the firm's takings.

Timmins is often grateful for the efforts of people who try to beat his slot machines. "We learn a lot from them," he explains.

One machine recently passed as foolproof by his experts and placed for trial on a platform at Liverpool Street Station was found within twelve hours with only two sixpences inside and all its merchandise gone. "That cost us nearly two pounds," says Timmins, "but we put the fault right before putting the machine in service."

A bland humorous business man of fifty-three, Timmins is managing director of the seventy-five year old, £400,000 British Automatic Company which, with its 11,000 weighing machines, 4,000 amusement machines and 8,700 "columns" of cigarettes and sweets, accounts for half the total automatic machine business in Britain.

Badly hit in 1942 when sweet rationing came into force, the firm was saved by its weighing machines and started selling goods again in 1953 after scrapping two thousand tons of obsolete penny-in-the-slot machines which could not be altered to take coins of higher value. Now, with 750 employees, twenty-five standard lines of goods and an average yearly profit of £90,000, it is well on its feet again.

"Britain," says Timmins, "is slowly becoming automatic machine conscious, but we must still build up people's confidence in machines so that they don't hesitate to put in larger coins."

In the United States, 700,000 machines sell goods ranging from underwear to nylons, hot coffee and hamburgers. One even sells a cure for hangovers—a ten-second whiff of pure oxygen. A grocer's shop in Lübeck, Germany, has an automatic marriage-maker: a girl puts a coin in the slot and draws out the description of a wife-hunting male.

In this country some machines already sell ice-cream and milk, and one, the Master-Matic, supplies a spray of perfume at the touch of a button. But Timmins believes that a machine can easily be too clever: a soft drinks machine —not his own—once went on pouring orange juice all over a railway station platform until the fire brigade arrived.

To satisfy him, a machine must be simple to operate and it must render a specific service, especially as it does ninety per cent of its trade after the ordinary shops have closed. He believes that people will soon be able to get coin-in-the-slot meals, including soups and stews in self-heating tins.

During a recent American tour he saw a machine serving a hamburger heated by an electronic cooker twelve seconds after the coin was inserted. Timmins is currently experimenting with hot coffee and soft drinks machines, a sandwich server for factories and even a tea maker which will pour boiling water over a new type of powdered tea.

Recently he took over "Elmer" from British Railways after its twenty-five lines of expensive goods, flashing lights and complicated calculations had failed to attract the public. He is now remodelling it away from bananas and boxes of chocolates towards the lowlier peppermints and cigarettes. "Elmer" still gives trouble to its owners: many people don't realize that the machine gives change, and they go away feeling that they have lost money. Once, too, "Elmer" gave out eleven shillingsworth of chocolates for a single sixpence.

"People often complain when they lose money through a mechanical fault," says Alexander Parmenter, the firm's London area manager, "and we always refund the money by return of post. But it is rare that the winner of an unlawful jackpot sends us conscience money, though a few do."

Once, a gift vendor created a sensation in a Kent coast resort: set in motion by the drop of a sixpence, a small toy elephant went into a glittering treasure cave, picked up a gift in its howdah, padded round the machine and dropped it down the chute. Says Parmenter: "Jumbo must have got bored in there. Somebody put in sixpence and for twenty-five minutes the elephant busily emptied the machine. We lost quite a lot of stock."

Weighing machines have long proved a large and regular source of revenue. Last year B.A.C. machines weighed four million tons of human beings; the pennies they collected would stretch from London to Warsaw.

The firm's agents have found that the talkie weighing machine—the voice is that of a B.B.C. announcer—is unpopular with women. Observation proved that women don't like their weight shouted about on a station platform.

Picture cards with a person's weight recorded on the reverse side are still very popular. One series depicting famous trains raised takings by fifty per cent. Timmins's most recent idea is a space travel series for which he has ordered nine million cards costing a farthing each.

Timmins is careful with machines which tell the customer something he may not want to know. Some years ago a new pier machine told people their height, weight and heartbeat rate. It was only too accurate: within a week, three people suffering from heart trouble had fainted on the machine and Timmins had to withdraw it.

OTHER machines prove too popular. A "Laughing Sailor" amusement machine caught the fancy of a group of visiting Danish sailors at a south coast port. At 2 a.m. the local B.A.C. manager saw the last liberty boat leaving the shore with the "Laughing Sailor" sitting bolt upright among the real ones. He had to call a police launch to retrieve it.

Timmins spends at least four days a week travelling around Britain studying sites and holding conferences with his local men. "Everybody in this business is an enthusiast," he says. "Sooner or later we all become gadget-minded."

He himself rarely resists the temptation to try

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

On station platforms Timmins spends many hours watching his machines. He learns how the public use or misuse them, and makes plans accordingly

his own machines and always carries plenty of small coins with him. His wife says that whenever she is short of a small sum of money, her husband's wardrobe yields piles of coppers and sixpences along with the chocolate and chewing gum packets he has collected.

He often spends several hours watching a machine on a station platform to see how the public use it, and on several occasions railway police, fearing that he was "loitering with intent," have asked him what he was doing, and for his identification.

Timmins now plans his expansion armed with the complete travelling statistics of the British public. He knows, for instance, that on London Transport stations any platform with passengers travelling eastwards is a far better site than one going westwards.

With coins from a penny to a florin now being used, the firm's experts have devised what they believe to be a normally foolproof coin selector. This is a short runway with a downward incline which incorporates a thickness gauge, an arch which measures the diameter of the coin, a magnet which automatically rejects ferrous metals, a small mechanical arm which tests the centre of the coin to make sure that it is not hollow, a tiny scale to test its weight and a grip mechanism to check the milling of the edge.

Apart from deliberate tampering, trouble arises mostly because of the difference in the size of minted coins, the bus tickets, ice-lolly sticks and bits of cardboard jokingly inserted in place of coins, and the fact that too often people forget to allow their coin enough time—five seconds should be the average—to drop through the checks before pulling a drawer.

Timmins's men have now overcome most of the foreseeable difficulties but refuse to disclose exact details of their mechanisms. "There must be some secrecy in this business," says Timmins. "If I wanted to, I could sit in my office all the week listening to people with new inventions to offer. We don't always tell them why we reject their brainwaves; after all, it's taken us seventy-five years to accumulate our knowledge."

As well as watching over a complicated business organization with service departments and stockrooms in most large towns, Timmins has to make sure that unprincipled people don't spoil the service he provides for bona fide customers. He believes that the quantity of goods lost through tampering is unimportant compared with the goodwill he loses when a regular customer finds that his money fails to bring out the goods.

Attempts at beating the machine range from the clever to the sublimely simple. But most slugs, B.A.C. officials agree, are put in by ordinary people who, passing a machine and feeling in their pockets something which might pass for a coin, cannot resist the temptation to see if it will work.

In cash drawers officials have picked up religious medals, small metal discs rejected by die-stamping machines, thousands of brass washers and coins from thirty-seven different countries ranging from Afghanistan to Switzerland. Says Parmenter: "We always know when schoolboys have been on holiday abroad."

Timmins objects strenuously to the introduction of any "stop-thief" device. "The vast majority of our 60 million customers a year are honest folk," he says. "To catch the few guilty ones red-handed might solve a problem but it would do far greater harm to our goodwill."

Once, standing on a station platform in the north of England, he saw two railway porters fiddling with a machine. Approaching them, he asked: "Anything wrong?"

"It won't work," replied one of the porters. Timmins took out a sixpence, inserted it into the slot, pulled the drawer and got a bar of chocolate. "That's all very well," said the aggrieved porter. "But *you* put money in." THE END

New models must be mechanically perfect before they go into service. A "column" is studied by Timmins with Parmenter, his London manager

FRENCH CRICKET

by GEOFF LUCY

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

What a plan! The English would play the game, Tardresselles would be famous and Chantal . . . well, she had a private score to settle

"TODAY," said Henri Yvart, Mayor of Tardresselles and owner of the Hotel Angleterre, "I have received news that will strike dismay into your hearts. That, my friends, is why I have asked you, members of the Syndicat d'Initiatives of Tardresselles, to meet here in my hotel. If you, the men and women chosen to put our beautiful village on the tourist map of the world, do not take instant action, Tardresselles will next season lose its proud place as the best seaside resort of the Pas-de-Calais."

"And who will beat us, *monsieur le maire*?" asked Albert Vanmarcke, owner of the Hotel Beau Rivage. "The gay, sophisticated and cosmopolitan resort of Audingbert, perhaps?"

Albert Vanmarcke was noted for his wit, and there was a murmur of appreciative amusement from the seven men and women who between them owned most of Tardresselles—a murmur instantly quelled when the mayor unexpectedly nodded his head.

"Yes, Monsieur Vanmarcke," he said, "it is indeed Audingbert. They have challenged us."

It was incredible. To be challenged by the upstart village of Audingbert, which had only two hotels, and those so badly run that they were not mentioned in the *Guide Michelin*!

"How are they challenging us?" asked Albert Vanmarcke. "Perhaps they are planning to import a cartload of sand for the beach?"

There was a cackle of laughter. Audingbert's stony beach was notorious, especially in Tardresselles, which had two miles of firm sand.

"Or perhaps the Grand Hotel du Parc et Lac has discovered a park and a lake?" suggested Marie Roussel, the plump owner of the Hotel Foch in the Place de la Resistance.

The mayor did not join the renewed laughter. He leaned forward and tapped the table significantly with his fat fingers. "The Syndicat d'Initiatives of Audingbert is to make certain small alterations to the big underground command post built during the occupation by the Germans," he said. "This command post, when altered, is to become"—he paused and looked at the expectant faces in gloomy satisfaction—"is to become a casino." And he flung himself back in his chair and picked his teeth.

"A casino!" breathed the Syndicat. This, indeed, was serious. For years Tardresselles had dreamed of the day when it would be able to build a casino. For years the village had saved up for it, every season increasing the visitors' tax a little, and one season even increasing the tax on themselves by a half per cent. But the casino was still as far off as ever.

Henri Yvart let his colleagues talk themselves dry. Then he walked across the room to the wide windows overlooking the sea. "Look, my friends!" he cried. "Here is our answer to the casino of Audingbert. What do I point at?"

"Out!" cried the umpire as the stumps were shattered. "Out?" repeated Chantal angrily. "But I have only just started"

"At the white cliffs of Dover?" suggested Marie Roussel.

"Exactly, Madame Roussel. At England, after which my father named this hotel. At the home of our hopes during the Boche occupation. England is where we must look for our answer to the Boche-built casino of Audingbert. We must entice the English to come to Tardresselles, in their thousands."

Georges Notebaert, owner of the Hotel Bristol in the rue Pomme d'Or, who had never forgiven the English for liberating Tardresselles and spoiling his profitable black market in meat, grunted. "What have we to offer the English?" he asked. "They do not appreciate the good food and good wine of France. They want only fish and chips and warm beer."

"If they stay at the Hotel Bristol they will get everything they want," observed Marie Roussel dryly.

Albert Vanmarcke choked in his Pernod, and Georges Notebaert scowled at Marie, but she smiled so innocently at him that he decided to take her remark as a compliment. He smiled back with all the charm of an alligator.

"We must give them what they want," said the mayor. "If they insist on bacon and *le pouding Yorkshire* for breakfast, we must let them have it. But we must do more, my friends. We must see they get amusements they like."

Frankly puzzled, the Syndicat stared at him. Amusements? But what amusements did the English like? Was there any proof, in fact, that they liked any kind of amusement at all?

"Consider," said the mayor. "Every Saturday in the season we have an amusement—treasure hunts and sand castle building for the children, swimming matches, pigeon shooting, miniature golf: but nothing especially for the English. We must therefore think what makes them happy, and give it to them.

The Syndicat pondered. Each member tried to remember any Englishman who looked happy.

AT last the mayor remembered once hearing gay English laughter on the beach; half a dozen adult visitors were playing a curious game on the sand with a ball, a long piece of driftwood and three walking sticks.

"That's it!" he cried. "*Le cricket!*"

Of course, *le cricket*! Each member of the Syndicat except Georges Notebaert breathed the words gratefully.

"It is decided," said the mayor with quiet triumph. "Next Saturday we cancel the pigeon shooting and have instead the grand game of cricket on the beach. Next year we will have many such matches, and every year after that. We will tell the travel agents about them, and they will all advise their English customers to come to Tardresselles—the only place in France where one can play the English game."

"One presumes, *monsieur le maire*, that you are capable of organizing this mysterious game?" said Georges Notebaert.

The mayor spread his hands. "Naturally not. *Le cricket* is but a name to me. But there will be no difficulty at all in finding a person with the necessary knowledge."

"For example?" pressed Georges, determined to be awkward.

Cornered, the mayor thought quickly. "For example, there is Miss," he said testily. "She is English, is she not?"

Undoubtedly Miss was English. With her voice, dress and appearance she could be nothing

Sir Humphrey gave a lecture on cricket—in French. Those who spoke the language were generally more confused than those who didn't

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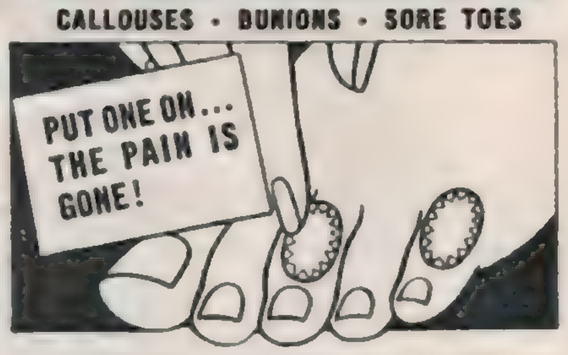

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Bill opened one eye and murmured : "Where am I?" Chantal answered tearfully : "Safe with me, *mon petit*. Oh, how wicked I have been !"

else. For forty-six of her sixty-three years she had been a governess, and now she was living in the Hotel Angleterre on a small pension from her last family. She was brought down from her room (facing the sea in the winter when the hotel was empty, facing the wine bottles in the yard in the summer when it was full).

"Ah, *ma chère* Miss," said the mayor. "Naturally you understand all about *le cricket?*"

"Naturally," said Miss. She spoke loudly (one has to speak loudly to foreigners, even when one speaks their language) and with conviction, for no Englishwoman could admit ignorance of ıything as English as cricket.

"Have you played it?" asked Georges Notebaert cunningly.

"Of course," said Miss shortly. And when Georges looked doubtful she fixed him with her eye and said: "You have no doubt heard of Bruce Arnot, the Test match cricketer? I taught him to play cricket."

Miss spoke the truth: she had taught Bruce Arnot cricket on the sands at Newquay in the summer of 1930, when he was five.

The mayor turned to his colleagues in triumph. "Then the rest will be easy," he cried. "No doubt Miss will consent to be the referee at the grand cricket match we are organizing?"

"Certainly," said Miss unflinchingly. She thought that the word referee sounded wrong, somehow, but she let it pass.

"Then all we have to do now," said the mayor when Miss had gone back to her room, "is to choose two captains and let them organize the affair."

They pondered heavily over the choice of captains. It was the mayor who again had an idea. "Of course!" he shouted. "Chantal, my daughter! Was it for nothing that she spent a year at school in Brighton?" He hastened to the kitchen door and shouted: "Chantal! At once! Come quickly, my little one."

Chantal entered the dining-room and the men rose hurriedly to their feet, each offering her the chair of the man next to him. Chantal had been the belle of the Pas-de-Calais since she was five; in each of the seventeen years since then, said the men of Tardresselles, she had grown lovelier and gayer.

"What is the matter, Papa?" she asked.

Swiftly the mayor explained. And Chantal gurgled with delightful laughter. "Cricket? But I have never played this game."

"But you have watched it many times in Brighton, my treasure, is it not so?" asked the mayor appealingly.

Chantal thought, and remembered once attending a cricket match at the request of a good-looking sixth-form boy who had been secretly taking her out for ice-creams on half-holidays. She could remember the boy, but of the game she remembered only that it was very dull and very slow, and that she went to sleep in the sun when the sixth-former was batting, and that that was the end of the ice-creams.

But she realized that her father wanted her to know all about cricket, so she admitted: "Well, yes, I have watched cricket."

"Then what more is necessary?" asked the mayor. "It is settled. Chantal is captain of one team. Now, who is to be captain of the other?"

Again there was a thoughtful silence, broken by Georges Notebaert. "Perhaps we could persuade my son, Jean-Jacques.

Behind his back Chantal pulled a face—a charming grimace that only made her more bewitching than ever. Jean-Jacques Notebaert had been asking her to marry him for the last five years, and she disliked him as much as it was possible for her to dislike anybody.

"But can he play cricket?" she asked.

Georges Notebaert's heart was set on a marriage between Chantal and his son; Henri Yvart, Chantal's father, was rich and had no other children.

"Certainly—just as well you can," he said with the cunning look he used when dealing with the tax authorities.

But Chantal was far more capable of dealing with cunning than the tax authorities, and she had just thought of a plan of her own. "But, Monsieur Notebaert," she cried, looking exquisitely sorrowful, "your son is left-handed, is he not?"

"Yes, he is. But what of that?"

"Ah, you do not know! You see, Monsieur Notebaert, in the English game of cricket it is not allowed for any left-handed man to be the captain. What a great pity!"

Then, having dealt with Notebaert, Chantal turned to her father and gently stroked the wisps of white hair on his head. "Papa," she said, "there is a young foreign artist who is staying at the *pension* in the rue Pasteur. He is English, and therefore he will know everything about cricket."

"He is not English. He is Canadian," said Georges Notebaert sourly

"English—Canadian—Australian—they are all the same, and they all play *le cricket*," said the mayor. "Why, even in France we know the fame of the Canadian Test Match team. Chantal, you are a treasure. I will at once ask him to come here."

He hurried to the telephone and began to shout into it.

Chantal slipped up to her bedroom to put on her new summer frock. Ever since the good-looking young artist had arrived in Tardresselles she had been trying to get to know him without being too obvious about it. . . .

A few minutes later Bill Foster, summoned to the Hotel Angleterre, was shaking the mayor's outstretched hand.

"Good afternoon, Monsieur Foster," said the mayor. "I have the honour to shake the hand of the captain of our cricket team."

Bill pulled his hand away quickly. "Captain?" he said. "Cricket?" Once, when he was travelling through Kent in a fast train, he had caught

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a glimpse of a cricket match on a village green. "Hey, what's all this? I've never——"

Chantal, who had been listening at the door, chose that moment to come in, so lovely in her gay, wide-skirted cotton frock that the men rose to their feet with even greater alacrity than before, and there was a lively engagement with the chairs.

"Allow me to introduce you to the captain of the other team," said the mayor.

As Bill shook Chantal's small hand and gazed into her clear grey eyes he realized that cricket could be learned. He wrested a chair from Albert Vanmarcke for Chantal, and listened in a happy daze while the Syndicat arranged with Lucien Sauvestre of the Garage Moderne, whose son was a coastguard, for cricket gear to be smuggled over in a fishing boat from England.

When everything was settled, the mayor said benevolently: "And now, my children, go off to discuss your great match." Happily Bill took Chantal down to the beach to pick the pitch.

They found it necessary to discuss the match a great deal in the days that followed. Bill called for Chantal every morning after breakfast and they went down to the beach in swimsuits to make sure that the pitch was still there. In the afternoon they strolled along the sand dunes to see if, after all, there was not a better pitch somewhere else. In the evening they took the bus to Boulogne in case one of the cinemas happened to be showing a film on how to play cricket.

They also spent a great deal of time painting posters in English to show in the hotels and shops of Tardresselles.

By noon on Saturday there had been three applications—one from Jean-Jacques Notebaert, who was determined, in one way or another, to break up the romance which was clearly growing between the two captains; one from a Polish count who had just

READING—1

Reading is not a duty, and has consequently no business to be made disagreeable.

Augustine Birrell

become a naturalized British subject and was eager to learn all about his new country's national customs; and the third from Sir Humphrey Dickson, who had arrived at the Hotel Angleterre that morning, and who had in his time played for Surrey.

After lunch Bill and Chantal roamed the sand dunes urging visitors of all nationalities to volunteer. The foreigners were eager to play, fascinated by the idea of learning cricket, but the English were shy and resisted strongly; finally six of them were persuaded by Chantal's arguments—she was wearing abbreviated white shorts and a scarlet sun-top—and were herded to the Bar de la Digue, a brightly-painted wooden pavilion facing the beach.

The stumps were placed in position with some ceremony by Sir Humphrey Dickson, who was wearing spotless white flannels and a Surrey blazer. Then he gave a brief lecture on cricket for the foreigners. He spoke in the French he had learned at school and brushed up in the trenches during the first World War, and those of the foreigners who could understand French were, on the whole, more confused than those who could not.

There was a gentlemanly but quite ruthless skirmish among the English players for the honour of showing Chantal how to put on her pads, and then Bill's team took up their fielding positions. Most of the Frenchmen seemed to fancy long stop, which was the position a Swedish blonde in a black bikini had chosen. Miss, in a white serge costume and a white felt hat, stood rock-like by the bowler's wicket and threw the ball to Bill.

With a jovial English insurance man who had said that he didn't mind opening, Chantal walked to the wicket. She took up a curious but remarkably graceful stance, brushed her short fair hair back, and gave the bowler a dazzling smile.

"Play!" shouted Miss, adding in French for the benefit of the foreigners: "*Jouez!*"

Bill smiled back tenderly at Chantal and threw the ball very gently. She tried to keep her eye on it, as she had been advised in a last-minute aside from Sir Humphrey, but she could not help glancing up to give Bill another smile. There was a lusty shout from the English fielders, and Chantal turned to see two of the stumps lying on the sand.

"Out!" cried Miss.

"Out?" repeated Chantal indignantly. "But I have only just started."

"Out," said Miss firmly.

"Sure you're out," cried Bill exultantly. He had not intended to try to get her out, but a strange glow of power had swept over him when he hit the wicket, and he wanted to do it again. "Off you go and make way for the next victim."

Her eyes blazing with fury, Chantal flung down the bat and marched off the pitch. As she bent to take off the pads and give them to the next batsman, a middle-aged English visitor who was preparing to enjoy himself, she hissed: "Monsieur, we must win this game—at all costs! I depend on you!"

Surprised at the passion in her voice, but unable to resist the appeal to his masculinity, the Englishman muttered grimly: "Yes, rather!" He strode to the wicket with determination in every step, patted the sand and sternly awaited the ball.

Bill stood a yard behind the wicket, his heart pounding with excitement. He rolled the ball in his hands, and then threw it with all the force and skill of a Brooklyn Dodger at the batsman, who lunged out in sheer terror and hit it into the sea.

"Out!" cried Miss.

"Out?" protested the batsman. "But that was a six!"

"Out," repeated Miss firmly. "If the ball goes into the sea, it's out." It had always been so at Newquay, and it was so at Tardresselles. She looked straight into his eyes with the gaze that had never yet failed to quell the most unruly child or the most unreasonable mother, and the batsman walked meekly off the pitch and gave his bat and pads to Sir Humphrey Dickson.

Sir Humphrey took his stance and, although he quailed as the ball hurtled towards him, he hammered it high into the air and began to run. It reached the top of its arc and fell towards the Polish count, who prudently moved away from it.

"Catch it, man!" bellowed a confident youth from Bristol who had played for his school.

The Polish count looked surprised but moved forward and caught it—and, with a yelp of pain, dropped it.

"Throw it *in*, man!" screamed the Bristol youth.

With a puzzled shrug the Polish count picked the ball up, hurled it as far as he could into the sea, and then looked round smilingly for approval.

"Good show, old man," said Sir Humphrey, starting another run.

He was still smiling when Bill's next ball scattered his stumps. . . .

WAITING for the new man, Bill waved at Chantal, who was sitting on the rail of the veranda, and shouted: "Wonderful game, this cricket!" She pushed out an inch of pink tongue in his direction and angrily turned her back. To his surprise, Bill discovered that he did not care at all: the desire to win the game was too strong. Grinning, he hurled the ball.

"Seven for four wickets," said Lady Dickson, a middle-aged woman in a brown cardigan who was sitting on a shooting-stick, making an expert note of every run and ball on the back of a menu. "What a killer he is, that Canadian!"

"*Mon Dieu*, I will kill him!" cried Chantal. "When it becomes his turn

to stand before the sticks, I will slaughter him, the pig."

Ten minutes later the last wicket fell. "All out for nine runs," grunted Lady Dickson, writing hard.

Chantal advanced on to the pitch towards Bill, her grey eyes gleaming dangerously. "And now, monsieur, it is my turn," she said. "Are you not afraid, no?"

"Yes," said Bill, and meant it. He grabbed the arms of the youth from Bristol and a French textile man from Lille and said: "You're batting first, fellows," and made swiftly for the Bar de la Digue.

"Coward!" shouted Chantal. Frustrated, she chose a fielding position where she could keep an eye on Bill, who was by now sitting in front of the bar with the Swedish blonde. She did not mind at all that they seemed to be on excellent terms. She was only anxious that Bill should not slip away before it was his turn to bat.

Sir Humphrey had a brief consultation with his wife, who indicated a patch of soft sand just before the wicket with her shooting-stick. Then he bowled.

Accurately the ball struck the patch of soft sand, and the confident youth from Bristol turned to see his stumps flattened.

"One wicket for no runs," boomed Lady Dickson.

Ten minutes later she said: "Five wickets for no runs," and gave her husband an approving nod. Deliriously happy, Chantal threw her arms round Jean-Jacques Notebaert's neck and kissed him, having previously made sure that Bill was looking.

When the last wicket but one fell, Bill knew that he could put off his own innings no longer. Very reluctantly he advanced to the wicket.

"He must be outed," muttered Chantal savagely. "Oh, I shall die if he is not outed at the first throw."

Jean-Jacques Notebaert heard her. With a cunning look on his face—there was a great deal of his father in him—he sidled up to Chantal and whispered: "Throw it yourself, Chantal . . . and throw it with your *left* hand. I have found it very useful in sport to be left-handed."

Chantal saw the evil gleam in his eye. She hesitated, and then ran up to Sir Humphrey and took the ball from his hand. "Excuse," she said. She slipped off her sandals and, barefooted, walked fifty yards away from the wicket. She turned, stood for a moment with the ball ostentatiously in her right hand, and then sped towards the wicket. Her arm flew up.

Bill was holding his bat like a baseball bat, his eyes on her right hand. But, to his astonishment, the ball came hurtling from her left. He dropped his bat and put up his hands to protect his head. With a howl of agony he staggered back to the wicket and fell over the stumps on to the sand.

"Out!" cried Miss.

Bill lay quite still. With a little cry of anguish Chantal ran to him and, kneeling on the sand beside him, stroked the growing lump on his forehead, murmuring endearments. A large tear trickled down her nose and dropped on to his cheek.

Bill opened one eye, blinked up at her and murmured weakly: "Where am I?"

"Safe with me, *mon petit*," cried Chantal. "Oh, how wicked I have been! Will you ever forgive me, Bill?"

She helped him to his feet and led him anxiously towards the Bar de la Digue, where she put him in a comfortable chair. She then gave him, in rapid succession, a large glass of brandy, three aspirins, and a lingering kiss, and curled up happily on his knee to stroke his head.

SIR HUMPHREY watched them sentimentally. "Funny how cricket brings out the best in people . . . even foreigners," he mused. "You know, there'd be no wars if everybody played cricket."

He turned to greet the mayor, who had been watching the proceedings from a discreet distance. "Ah Monsieur Yvart! What a game! What a game!"

The mayor's face fell. "Then it was not a success, this match? It will not make Tardresselles famous and save us from being beaten by the casino of Audingbert?"

Sir Humphrey patted Henri's bowed shoulder kindly. "Monsieur Yvart, do you see that red-faced man sitting in the beach hut with binoculars and a bottle of wine . . . the man who is just packing up what is no doubt a tape-recording machine?"

The mayor nodded, too downcast to speak.

"That, my dear sir," Sir Humphrey said, "is Reggie Milner, the most famous sports commentator on the B.B.C.

"Unless I am very much mistaken, he has been recording a running commentary on this match. I can promise you, Monsieur Yvart, that when that commentary is broadcast the name of Tardresselles will be as famous . . . in its way . . . as the name of Lord's, and that next year you'll have to run a cricket match every Saturday."

He gave a final pat on the shoulder of the now jubilant mayor, and turned to the young man from Bristol. "Now, old man, how about the second innings?" he said. "We've just got time before dinner." THE END

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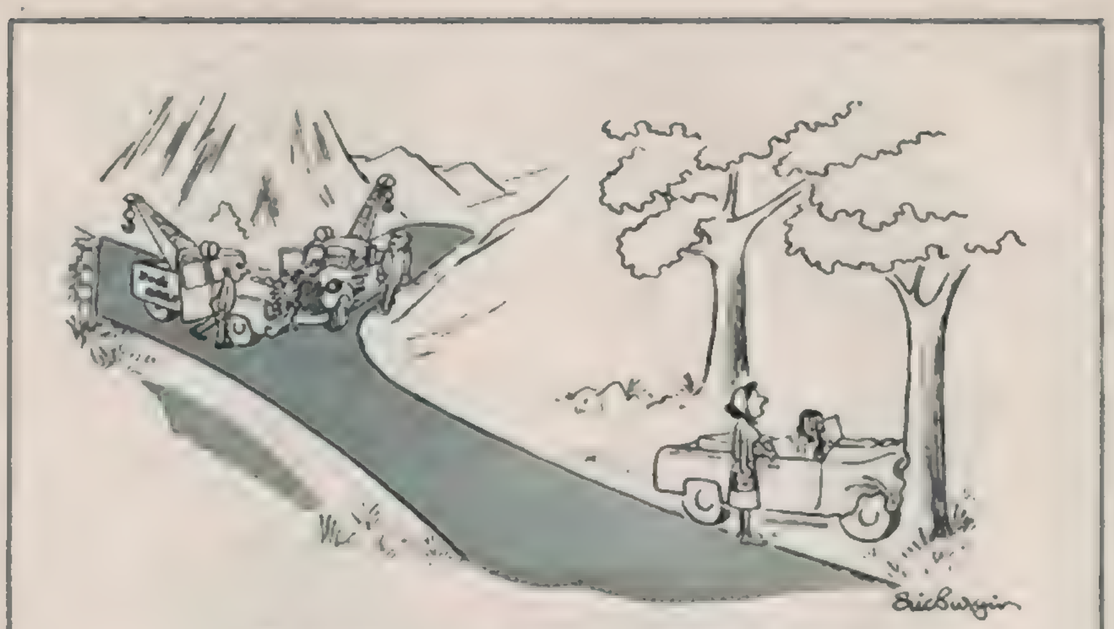

"I phoned both places just to make sure"

Dead man's folly

Continued from page 19

that wouldn't have mattered half as much because after all most men can look after themselves."

She paused, and then added, suddenly grave: "But seriously, Inspector, why should anyone want to murder a child like that?"

"I was hoping," said the inspector, "that you could help me there."

"I can't," said Mrs. Oliver. "I can't imagine who could have done it. At least, of course, I can *imagine*—I can imagine anything! That's the trouble with me. I can imagine things now—this minute. I could even make them sound all right, but of course, none of them would be true.

"I mean, she could have been murdered by someone who just likes murdering girls; or she might have known some secret about somebody's love affairs; or she may have seen someone bury a body at night; or she may have recognized somebody who was concealing his identity; or the man in the launch may have thrown somebody into the river and she saw it from the window of the boathouse—or she may even have got hold of some very important message in secret code and not known what it was herself."

"Please!" The inspector held up his hand. Out of the richness of the material presented to him, he seized upon one phrase. "What did you mean, Mrs. Oliver, by 'the man in the launch'? Are you just imagining a man in a launch?"

"Somebody told me he'd come in a launch," said Mrs. Oliver. "I can't remember who. The one we were talking about at breakfast, I mean."

"Please." The inspector's tone was now pleading. He had had no idea before what the writers of detective stories were like. He believed that Mrs. Oliver had written forty-odd books, but it seemed to him astonishing at the moment that she had not written a hundred and forty.

He rapped out a peremptory inquiry. "What is all this about a man at breakfast who came in a launch?"

"He didn't come in the launch at breakfast time," said Mrs. Oliver, "it was a yacht. At least, I don't mean that exactly. It was a letter."

"Well, what was it?" demanded Bland. "A yacht or a letter?"

"It was a letter," said Mrs. Oliver, "to Lady Stubbs. From a cousin in a yacht. And she was frightened. Anybody could see it. She was terrified of him, and I think that's why she's hiding now."

"Hiding?" said the inspector.

"Well, she isn't about anywhere," said Mrs. Oliver. "Everyone's been looking for her. And I think she's hiding because she's afraid of him and doesn't want to meet him."

"Who is this man?" demanded the inspector.

"You'd better ask Monsieur Poirot," said Mrs. Oliver. "Because he's spoken to him and I haven't. His name's de Sousa. Etienne de Sousa."

But another name had caught the inspector's attention. "Who did you say?" he asked. "Mr. Poirot?"

"Yes. Hercule Poirot. He was with me when we found the body."

"Hercule Poirot . . . I wonder now. Can it be the same man? A Belgian, a small man with a very big moustache?"

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Oliver. "Yes. Do you know him?"

"It's a good many years since I met him. I was a young sergeant at the time. What's *he* doing down here?"

"He was to give away the prizes," said Mrs. Oliver.

"And he was with you when you discovered the body," said Bland. "H'm, I'd like to talk to him."

"Shall I get him for you?" Mrs. Oliver gathered up her purple draperies hopefully.

The inspector frowned thoughtfully. Then he said: "Thank you very much, madam. If you'll ask Monsieur Poirot to come and speak to me here I shall be very much obliged to you."

Mrs. Oliver left the room. P.C. Hoskins inquired with interest: "Who's this Monsieur Poirot, sir?"

"You'd describe him probably as a scream," said Inspector Bland. "Kind of music-hall parody of a Frenchman, but actually he's a Belgian. But in spite of his absurdities, he's got brains. He must be a fair age now."

"What about this de Sousa?" asked the constable. "Think there's anything in that, sir?"

Inspector Bland did not hear the question. He was struck by a fact which, though he had been told it several times, was only now beginning to register.

First it had been Sir George, irritated and alarmed. *My wife seems to have disappeared. I can't think where she has got to.* Then Miss Brewis, contemptuous. *Lady Stubbs was not to be found. She'd got bored with the show.* And now Mrs. Oliver, with her theory that Lady Stubbs was hiding.

"I want Lady Stubbs," he said abruptly. "Get hold of her for me. If she isn't about, look for her."

Hoskins left the room obediently. In the doorway he paused and fell back a little to allow Hercule Poirot to enter. He looked back over his shoulder with some interest before closing the door.

"I don't suppose," said Bland, rising and holding out his hand, "that you remember me, Monsieur Poirot."

"But assuredly," said Poirot. "It is—now give me a moment, just a little moment. It is the young sergeant—yes, Sergeant Bland whom I met fourteen—no, fifteen years ago."

"Quite right. What a memory!" Bland shook his head admiringly. "And now here you are, Monsieur Poirot, assisting at a murder once again."

"You are right," said Poirot. "I was asked down here to give away the prizes of this murder hunt."

"So Mrs. Oliver told me."

"She told you nothing else?" Poirot said it with apparent carelessness. He was anxious to discover whether Mrs. Oliver had given the inspector any hint

of the real motives which had led her to insist on Poirot's journey to Devon.

"Told me nothing else? She never stopped telling me things. Every possible and impossible motive for the girl's murder. She set my head spinning. What an imagination!"

"She earns her living by her imagination, *mon ami*," said Poirot.

"She mentioned a man called de Sousa—did she imagine that?"

"No, that is sober fact."

"There was something about a letter at breakfast and a yacht and coming up the river in a launch. I couldn't make head or tail of it."

Poirot embarked upon an explanation. He told of the scene at the breakfast table, the letter, Lady Stubbs's headache.

"Mrs.. Oliver said that Lady Stubbs was frightened. Did you think she was, too?"

"That was the impression she gave me."

"Afraid of this cousin of hers? Why?"

Poirot shrugged. "I have no idea. All she told me was that he was bad—a bad man. She is, you understand, a little simple. Subnormal——" He broke off as the door opened to readmit P.C. Hoskins.

"Don't seem able to find the lady, sir," Hoskins said. "Sergeant Cottrell and P.C. Lorimer are searching the grounds. She's not in the house."

"Find out from the man who's taking admission tickets at the gate if she's left the place. And find out when she was last seen and where."

"So that is the way your mind is working," said Poirot.

"It isn't working anywhere yet," said Bland. "Tell me what more you know about what's-his-name—de Sousa?"

Poirot described his meeting with the young man who had come up the path from the quay.

"He is probably still here at the fête," he said. "Shall I tell Sir George that you want to see him?"

"Not for a moment or two," said Bland. "I'd like to find out a little more first. When did you yourself last see Lady Stubbs?"

Poirot cast his mind back. He found it difficult to remember exactly. He

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recalled vague glimpses of her tall, cyclamen-clad figure with the drooping black hat moving about the lawn talking to people, hovering here and there; occasionally he'd heard that strange loud laugh of hers, distinctive among the many other confused sounds.

"I think," he said doubtfully, "it must have been not long before four o'clock. She was in the middle of a group of people near the house."

"Was she there when de Sousa arrived?"

"I don't remember. I don't think so, or at least I did not see her. Sir George told de Sousa that his wife was somewhere about."

"What time was it when de Sousa arrived?"

"It must have been about half-past four, I should think. I did not look at my watch so I cannot tell you exactly."

"And Lady Stubbs had disappeared before he arrived?"

"It seems so."

"Possibly she ran away so as not to meet him," suggested the inspector. "Well, she can't have gone far. We ought to be able to find her quite easily, and when we do. . . ." He broke off.

"And supposing you don't?" Poirot put the question with a curious intonation in his voice.

"That's nonsense," said the inspector vigorously. "Why? What d'you think's happened to her? Dash it all, Monsieur Poirot, you're making it sound quite sinister."

"Perhaps it *is* sinister."

"It's the murder of Marlene Tucker that we're investigating," said the inspector, severely.

"But evidently. So—why this interest in de Sousa? Do you think he killed Marlene Tucker?"

Inspector Bland replied irrelevantly: "It's that woman!"

Poirot smiled faintly. "Mrs. Oliver, you mean?"

"Yes. She's put a lot of melodramatic ideas into my head. You see, Monsieur Poirot, the murder of Marlene Tucker doesn't make sense. It doesn't make sense at all. Here's a nondescript, rather moronic kid found strangled and not a hint of a motive."

"And Mrs. Oliver supplied you with a motive?"

"With a dozen at least! Among them she suggested that Marlene might have a knowledge of somebody's secret love affair, or that Marlene might have witnessed somebody being murdered, or that she might have seen from the window of the boathouse some action performed by de Sousa in his launch as he was going up the river."

"Ah. And which of those theories appeals to you, *mon cher*?"

"I don't know. But I can't help thinking about them. Listen, Monsieur Poirot. Think back carefully. Would you say from your impression of what Lady Stubbs said to you this morning that she was afraid of her cousin's coming because he might, perhaps, know something about her which she did not want to come to the ears of her husband; or would you say that it was a direct, personal fear of the man himself?"

POIROT had no hesitation in his reply. "I should say it was a direct personal fear of the man himself."

"H'm," said Inspector Bland. "Well, I'd better have a little talk with this young man, if he's still about the place. . . ."

Although he had none of Constable Hoskins's ingrained prejudice against foreigners, Inspector Bland took an instant dislike to Etienne de Sousa. The polished elegance of the young man, his sartorial perfection, the rich flowery smell of his brilliantined hair all combined to annoy the inspector.

De Sousa was very sure of himself, very much at ease. He also displayed, decorously veiled, a certain aloof amusement.

"One must admit," he said, "that life is full of surprises. I arrive here on a holiday cruise, I admire the beautiful scenery, I come to spend an afternoon with a little cousin that I have not seen for years—and what happens? First I am engulfed in a kind of carnival with coconuts whizzing past my head, and immediately afterwards, passing from comedy to tragedy, I am embroiled in a murder." He lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply, and said: "Not that it concerns me in any way, this murder. Indeed, I am at a loss to know why you should want to interview me."

"You arrived here as a stranger, Mr. de Sousa? Your yacht, I understand, is moored in Helmmouth, and you came up the river this afternoon in a motor launch?"

"That is so."

"As you came up the river, did you notice on your right a sma' boathouse jutting out into the river with a thatched roof and a little mooring quay beneath it?"

De Sousa threw back his handsome, dark head and frowned as he reflected. Then he said: "Ah, yes. A very picturesque spot. I did not know it was the boathouse attached to this house. If I had done so, I would have moored my boat there and come ashore. When I asked for directions I was told to come up to the ferry itself and go ashore at the quay there."

"Quite so. And that is what you did?"

"That is what I did."

"Did you see anyone at the boathouse as you passed?"

"See anyone? No. Should I have seen someone?"

"It was just a possibility. You see, Mr. de Sousa, the murdered girl was in the boathouse this afternoon. She was killed there, and she must have been killed at a time not very distant from when you were passing. You might have seen the girl—she might have looked out from the window or come out on to the balcony. If you had seen her it would, at any rate, have narrowed the time of death for us. If, when you'd passed, she'd been still alive——"

"Ah, I see. Yes, I see. But why ask *me* particularly? There are plenty of boats going up and down from Helmmouth. Pleasure steamers. They pass the whole time. Why not ask them?"

"We shall ask them," said the inspector. "Never fear, we shall ask them. I am to take it, then, that you saw nothing unusual at the boathouse?"

"Nothing whatever," de Sousa said. He added in a polite tone: "I am very sorry that I cannot assist you."

"Oh well," said Inspector Bland in a friendly manner, "we can't hope for too much. There are just a few other things I would like to know, Mr. de Sousa."

"Yes?"

"Are you alone down here or have you friends with you on this cruise?"

"I have had friends with me until quite recently, but for the last three days I have been on my own—with the crew, of course."

"And the name of your yacht, Mr. de Sousa?"

"The Espérance."

"Lady Stubbs is, I understand, a cousin of yours?"

De Sousa shrugged his shoulders. "A distant cousin. In the islands, you must understand there is much intermarrying. We are all cousins of one another. Hattie is a second or third cousin. I have not seen her since she was practically a little girl, fourteen—fifteen."

"And you thought you would pay her a surprise visit today?"

"Hardly a surprise visit, Inspector. I had already written to her."

"I know that she received a letter from you this morning, but it was a surprise to her to know that you were in this country."

"Oh, but you are wrong there, Inspector. I wrote to my cousin—let me see, three weeks ago. I wrote to her from France just before I came across to this country."

The inspector was surprised. "You wrote to her from France telling her you proposed to visit her?"

"Yes. I told her I was going on a yachting cruise and that we should probably arrive at Torquay or Helmmouth round about this date and that I would let her know later exactly when I should arrive."

Inspector Bland stared at him. This statement was at complete variance with what he had been told about the arrival of Etienne de Sousa's letter at the breakfast table. More than one witness had testified to Lady Stubbs having been alarmed and upset and very clearly startled at the contents of the letter.

De Sousa returned his stare calmly. With a little smile he flicked a fragment of dust from his knee.

"Did Lady Stubbs reply to your first letter?" the inspector asked.

De Sousa hesitated. Then he said: "It is so difficult to remember. . . . No, I do not think she did. But it was not necessary. I was travelling about, I had no fixed address. And besides, I do not think my cousin Hattie is very good at writing letters." He added: "She is not, you know, very intelligent, though I understand that she has grown into a very beautiful woman."

"You have not yet seen her?"

Bland put it in the form of a question and de Sousa showed his teeth in an agreeable smile. "She seems to be most unaccountably missing," he said. "No doubt this *espèce de gala* bores her."

CHOOSING his words carefully, Inspector Bland said: "Have you any reason to believe, Mr. de Sousa, that your cousin might have some reason for wishing to avoid you?"

"You think that Hattie had absented herself from this fête in order to avoid me? What an absurd idea! What reason could she have?"

"She had no reason, as far as you know, to be—shall we say, afraid of you in any way?"

"Afraid—of *me*?" De Sousa's voice was sceptical and amused. "But if I may say so, Inspector, how fantastic!"

"Your relations with her have always been quite amicable?"

"It is as I have told you. I have had no relations with her. I have not seen her since she was a child of fourteen."

"Yet you look her up when you come to England?"

"Oh, as to that, I had seen a paragraph about her in one of your society papers. It mentions her maiden name and that she is married to this rich Englishman, and I think 'I must see what the little Hattie has turned into, whether her brains now work better than they used to do.'" He paused. "It was a mere cousinly politeness, no more."

Again the inspector stared hard at de Sousa. What, he wondered, was going on behind the mocking, smooth façade?

He adopted a more confidential manner. "I wonder if you can perhaps tell me a little more about your cousin? Her character, her reactions?"

De Sousa appeared politely surprised. Then he said with a slight shrug: "I never knew my cousin at all well. She was a unit in a large family and not particularly interesting to me. But in answer to your question I would say to you that, although mentally weak, she was not, as far as I know, ever possessed by any homicidal tendencies."

"Really, Mr. de Sousa, I wasn't suggesting that."

"Weren't you? I wonder. I can see no other reason for your question." He rose. "I am sure that you cannot want to ask me anything further, Inspector."

"You are not thinking of leaving Helmmouth for a day or two, I hope, Mr. de Sousa?"

"I propose to stay in Helmmouth for two days. Sir George has very kindly asked me to come and stay in the house, but I prefer to remain on the Espérance. If you should want to ask me any further questions, that is where you will find me."

De Sousa bowed politely. P.C. Hoskins opened the door for him, and he went out.

"Smarmy sort of fellow," muttered the inspector to himself. "Say she is homicidal if you like. Why should she attack a nondescript girl? There'd be no sense in it. And where the devil is the woman anyway? Hoskins, go out and see how Frank's getting on."

Hoskins left obediently, and returned a moment or two later with Sergeant Cottrell, a brisk young man with a good opinion of himself, who always managed to annoy his superior officer. Inspector Bland much preferred the

Spot the Lawbreaker

Somewhere in this scene, the law is being broken. Can you see where? A barrister gives the answer on page 38

DRAWN BY RONALD LAMPITT

READING—2

There is a great deal of difference between the eager man who wants to read a book and the tired man who wants a book to read.

G. K. Chesterton

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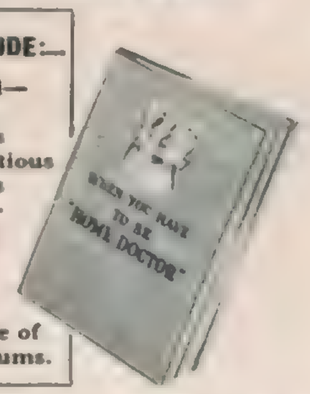

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rural wisdom of Hoskins to the smart know-all attitude of Frank Cottrell.

"Still searching the grounds, sir," said Cottrell. "The lady hasn't passed out through the gate, we're quite sure of that."

"There are other ways of leaving than by the main gate, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes sir. There's the path down to the ferry, but the old boy down there—Merdell his name is—is also quite positive that she hasn't left that way. He's about a hundred, but pretty reliable, I think. He described quite clearly how the foreign gentleman arrived in his launch and asked the way to Nasse House.

"The old man told him he must go up the road to the gate and pay for admission. But he said the gentleman seemed to know nothing about the fête and said he was a relation of the family. So the old man set him on the path up from the ferry through the woods.

"Merdell seems to have been hanging about the quay all the afternoon, so he'd be pretty sure to have seen her ladyship if she'd come that way. Then there's the top gate that leads over the fields to Hoodown Park, but that's been wired up because of trespassers, so she didn't go through there. Seems as though she must still be here."

"That may be so," said the inspector, "but there's nothing to prevent her, is there, from slipping under a fence and going off across country? Sir George is still complaining of trespassing here from the hostel next door, I understand. If you can get in the way the trespassers get in, you can get out the same way, I suppose."

"Oh yes, sir, indubitably, sir. But I've talked to her maid, sir. She's wearing"—Cottrell consulted a paper in his hand—"a dress of cyclamen crêpe georgette, a large black hat, black court shoes, with four-inch French heels. Not the sort of things you'd wear for a cross-country run."

"She didn't change her clothes?"

"No. I went into that with the maid. There's nothing missing—nothing whatever. She didn't pack a suitcase or anything of that kind. She didn't even change her shoes. Every pair's there and accounted for."

Inspector Bland frowned. Unpleasant possibilities were rising in his mind. He said curtly: "Get me that secretary woman again—Bruce—whatever her name is."

Miss Brewis came in looking rather more ruffled than usual, and a little out of breath. "Yes, Inspector?" she said, "you wanted me? If it isn't urgent, Sir George is in a terrible state and——"

"What's he in a state about?"

"He's only just realized that Lady Stubbs is—well—really missing. I told him she's probably only gone for a walk in the woods or something, but he's got it into his head that something's happened to her. Quite absurd!"

"It might not be so absurd, Miss Brewis. After all, we've had one murder here this afternoon."

"You surely don't think that Lady Stubbs. . . ? But that's ridiculous! Lady Stubbs can look after herself."

"Can she?"

"Of course she can! She's a grown woman, isn't she?"

"But rather a helpless one by all accounts."

"Nonsense," said Miss Brewis. "It suits Lady Stubbs to play the helpless nitwit if she doesn't want to do anything. It takes her husband in, I daresay, but it doesn't take me in!"

"You don't like her very much, Miss Brewis?" Bland sounded gently interested.

Miss Brewis's lips closed in a thin line. "It's not my business either to like or dislike her," she said.

THE door burst open and Sir George came in. "Look here," he said violently, "you've got to do something. Where's Hattie? You've got to find Hattie. What the hell's going on round here I don't know. This confounded fête—some ruddy homicidal maniac's got in here, paying his half-crown and looking like everyone else, spending his afternoon going round murdering people. That's what it looks like to me."

"I don't think we need take such an exaggerated view as that, Sir George."

"It's all very well for you sitting there behind the table, writing things down. What I want is my wife."

"I'm having the grounds searched, Sir George."

"Why did nobody tell me she'd disappeared?"

"Nobody knew," said the inspector.

Sir George turned on Miss Brewis. "You ought to have known, Amanda, you were keeping an eye on things."

"I can't be everywhere," said Miss Brewis. She sounded suddenly almost tearful. "I've got so much to see to. If Lady Stubbs chose to wander away. . . ."

"Wander away? Why should she wander away? She'd no reason to wander away unless she wanted to avoid that dago fellow."

Bland seized his opportunity. "There is something I want to ask you," he said. "Did your wife receive a letter from Mr. de Sousa some three weeks ago, telling her he was coming to this country?"

Sir George looked astonished. "No, of course she didn't."

"You're sure of that?"

"Oh, quite sure. Hattie would have told me. Why, she was thoroughly startled and upset when she got his letter this morning. It more or less knocked her out. She was lying down most of the morning with a headache."

"What did she say to you privately about her cousin's visit? Why did she dread seeing him so much?"

Sir George looked rather embarrassed. "Blessed if I really know," he said. "She just kept saying that he was wicked."

"Wicked? In what way?"

"She wasn't very articulate about it—just went on rather like a child saying that he was a wicked man. Bad; and that she wished he wasn't coming here. She said he'd done bad things."

"Done bad things? When?"

"Oh, long ago. I should imagine this Etienne de Sousa was the black sheep of the family and that Hattie picked up odds and ends about him during her childhood without understanding them very well. And as a result she's got a sort of horror of him. I thought it was just a childish hangover myself. My wife is rather childish sometimes. Has likes and dislikes, but can't explain them."

"You are sure she did not particularize in any way, Sir George?"

Sir George looked uneasy. "I wouldn't want you to go by—er—by what she said."

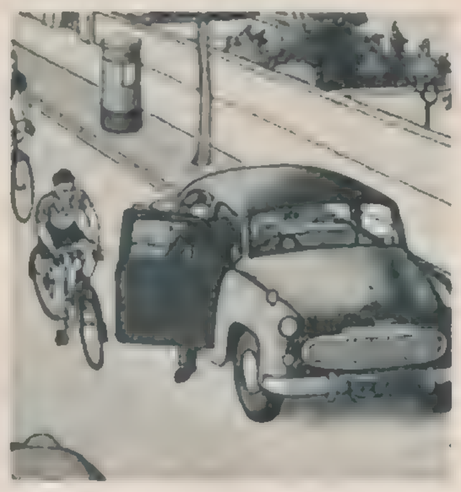
"Then she did say something?"

"All right. I'll let you have it. What she said was—and she said it several times—'He *kills* people.'"

To be continued next week

Spot the Lawbreaker

See page 37



BY carelessly opening his car door without looking, and so making the man on the bicycle swerve, the motorist has contravened the Highways Act of 1835, says a barrister-at-law. The driver is guilty of "interrupting the free passage" of the cyclist by negligence, even though there was no actual collision. The maximum fine for this offence is £2.

A matter of principle

Continued from page 25

realized that he was well-informed about most things.

It was almost diffidently that Vernon eventually said: "Oddly enough, you may be able to help me. I'm badly in need of a personnel manager."

David stared. "But I've no commercial experience."

"If I'm selecting a young man for training," Vernon said softly, "I look for a man with a good degree, preferably in arts, a good service record and the personal qualities that I believe to be important. Well, there it is, David. Think it over, and let me know. The commencing salary," he had added casually, "will be a thousand a year."

There wasn't really a lot to think over after that. A thousand a year represented a great deal more than David was earning at that time. He had taken the offer at its face value, and had tried to earn his salary.

He thought he had. Vernon was Marion's step-uncle or something similarly remote. It was not until much later that he began to appreciate that, to Vernon, she was a Martindale. And he also began to believe that Vernon considered it his responsibility to see that every member of the Martindale family was financially secure — eve if they contracted slightly low marriages. . . .

"What are you trying to prove, David?" Marion asked suddenly, sharply. "Your own inadequacy? Why can't you see that you hold a responsible, well-paid job for no other reason than that you're good at it?"

She might be right. He knew that. But if only he could be certain. . . .

"I'm sorry, darling," he said. "I didn't mean to squabble with you." He paused, thinking. "You may be right. I hope you are. But sooner or later I'm going to cross swords with Vernon. If it's important enough, I'm going to press it to the limit. If you're right, nothing much will happen. If you're wrong. . . ."

Marion's expression softened. "Yes?"

"I shall be out of a job. Will you go along with me?"

"Without being unkind, David, I think you're dramatizing this."

After a moment, David grinned. "No man is a hero to his wife," he said.

The following morning David opened the office door, whistling. Miss Starling was already there. She looked up and said: "Oh, Mr. Hirst, Mr. Perry is waiting in your office. I told him that you would be very busy this morning, but he insisted on staying."

David frowned. He said: "What does he want?" He had no particular liking for Perry.

Miss Starling's eyes flickered. "I don't know, sir."

Perry had little of his usual immaculate suavity. His tie was slightly to one side, his parting not quite straight, and cigarette ash spattered his jacket. David sat down. He said: "What can I do for you?"

Perry said quickly: "I'm in trouble. With the chairman. I had a tip last night that I might as well start looking for another job."

"What do you expect me to do about it?"

Perry stared. "You're the personnel manager. I want you to hear my side of it, to intervene for me."

"You must think I carry a lot of weight."

"Well, I know you're a relation of the chairman's by marriage. . . ."

DAVID'S face was hard. "You're a fool, Perry." He allowed the shocked silence to lengthen, and then went on. "Any influence I can wield can only be because of the strength of the appointment I hold. Family connection counts for very little in a fight. What have you ever done, Perry, to see that the personnel manager has a reasonable measure of independence, that his opinion is respected?"

Perry said half-heartedly: "I've never crossed you——"

"You're the top manager, aren't you?" David said. "You manage the West End store, you take more money than any other branch in the country, you make double my salary. And what happened when you wanted to get rid of your staff supervisor, and I wouldn't agree? You went above my head to the directors and, the first time I was away for three days, the girl got the push.

"That, or something like it, has happened a dozen times. You and your like have helped to create a situation where the personnel manager is regarded with amused tolerance. Now you run to me, and expect me to do something about an affair that obviously has the backing of the chairman himself. Well, Dr. Frankenstein, how do you like your monster?"

David felt much better.

Perry suddenly looked his age, and very tired. He shrugged. "It's all a big rat race. I've had my day, now it's yours." He stood up.

David said wearily: "Sit down. I'll hear your side of this business now. If I think you're in the right, I'll take

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this as far as I can. I'll put my job against yours." He glared at Perry. "I can't push it any harder than that."

Perry, taken aback, could think of nothing to say.

"I'm not doing it for you," David said quietly. "It's just to prove something. But," his voice rose, and he slapped the table, "if we bring it off, I want your help, do you understand? You and all the top managers and operations executives. I want the Personnel Department to have your solid backing in the future."

Perry straightened his tie, and smoothed his hair. He grinned engagingly. "You're talking my language, David. It's a bargain."

"Right. Now let's hear what it's all about."

What Perry had done, David learned, was to mark a consignment of fast-selling merchandise up above the catalogue price. He had done so solely with the company's interests at heart, for none of the money had gone into his own pocket. But the fact remained that he had been guilty of a flagrant breach of the firm's rules.

David said, at the end of the interview: "I'll notify the appeals committee. We'll try to get the case settled tomorrow morning. Don't count on anything—but I'll do what I can."

The appeals committee sat in the board room, and the case was due to be heard at ten o'clock. David was there ten minutes early, moving round the table, checking the documents. It didn't improve his state of mind when Martindale strolled in, smiled at him, and sat comfortably in a corner seat.

"I would like to see how this creation of yours operates," Martindale explained. "I'm looking forward to a most interesting morning."

"I hope you don't intend to exert any influence," David said shortly.

Martindale raised his eyebrows. "My dear boy," he said reproachfully, "I quite understand that I must not take part. I shall not say a word."

"Your mere presence is likely to intimidate the committee."

"In that case," said Martindale, smiling gently, "you cannot have explained their duties to them very well."

DAVID watched the committee members as they came into the room and gloomily noted the nervous air that overtook them when they saw Martindale beaming amiably at them. The whole thing, he decided, was liable to be a farce.

David cleared his throat. "We are here to consider the alleged misconduct of Mr. Perry, manager of the West End store. You all have a full statement of the complaint in front of you. It was lodged by"—he caught Martindale's amused eye and hurriedly looked away—"the chairman."

A certain amount of confused coughing followed this remark, and he realized that the committee members had not known before that they were to be asked to rule against Martindale.

Doggedly he ploughed on, and even found from somewhere enough eloquence to cause some of the committee to look interested. The opening statement over, the session took its course. It was easy enough to establish what had happened. That wasn't the point at issue. It was, rather, what degree of punishment the offence warranted.

The discussion was quite heated, and David grew more hopeful as he found that he had at least two supporters. He wound up. He said that it could not be denied that Perry was to some degree at fault. But it was a venial offence, not justifying the rigorous punishment "recommended" by the chairman. It was, at most, a case for reprimand.

He said it at length, he said it in several ways, he said it several times. But that, he thought, as he closed his folder, was all he had said.

He lit a cigarette. Martindale seemed to have gone to sleep. The committee members carefully filled in the voting forms, folded the papers, and passed them to David.

He looked at each unsmiling face in turn. "Well," he said, "here we go." He opened the voting papers and laid them neatly before him. "The voting, gentlemen, is as follows. Two in favour of dismissal. Two in favour of a reprimand. Two in favour of the transfer of Mr. Perry to a country store."

He could feel the committee relax. They had done their job. It wasn't their pigeon any more.

"As chairman," David went on without expression, "I hold the casting vote."

He paused. Now he had to say it.

He opened his mouth. But as he did so, a vast yawn echoed through the room, and Martindale stood up. "A most interesting experience," he said, yawning again, "which I hesitate to interrupt. But I'm devilishly hungry, and I'm sure you gentlemen are too. Shall we adjourn for lunch?"

David snapped: "We're just on the point of concluding."

"My dear fellow, I'm sure after lunch will do just as well."

Left alone, David moodily tied up the folder and lit another cigarette. He felt certain that Martindale would be waiting for him with some advice appropriate to the occasion. Well, let him wait.

But when he went outside, Martindale was nowhere in sight. He hesitated, and then decided not to go to the executives' dining-room. He didn't feel like facing them.

He took the lift down to the main lobby, intending to go to a restaurant. It was then that he saw Marion. She came across, her smile a little uncertain.

"Hullo, David. I've been looking for you."

He said foolishly: "This is a nice surprise."

"Vernon suggested I should come and lunch with you."

So that was it: he took her arm and led her through the swing doors. . . .

For a while, they ate in silence. At last David said grimly: "Let's have it."

"Vernon phoned this morning. He said that perhaps I ought to talk to you."

"Go ahead."

She looked at him and smiled. "There's no need to, darling. You must do whatever you think is right. Not what Vernon thinks."

"Just one thing." David paused, and studied the crumbs he was rolling into a ball. "I suppose, if necessary, I could go back to teaching. I should get less than a thousand a year. You don't even know what that means."

"I'd learn. You don't know how clever I am." She leaned closer to him. "I don't think you even know how much I love you."

David went rather red. "Sorry. I'm a bit of a fool sometimes, aren't I."

"Yes, darling. Now go and tell Vernon you're not his puppet."

When David had given his casting vote in favour of a reprimand, he sat motionless, while the cigarettes were stubbed out, the chairs scraped back, and the courtesies said, until he was left alone with Vernon.

Vernon said down the length of the room. "So that is how it works."

David waited. Martindale got up, and walked down the room towards him. The jovial lines had left his face.

"I wish this had never happened," David said. "But it's a matter of principle."

He took a cigarette from the packet in front of him but put it down and folded his hands when he found his fingers were shaking. He couldn't tell if Martindale were listening or not.

"If 'personnel' is to mean anything," he went on, "it must have standing, and it must have your personal backing. It has neither while you act as judge and jury whenever it pleases you. That," he said, trying to smile, "is my opinion as your personnel manager."

Martindale said: "It would be a pity to upset Marion now."

David stared at him. "It would indeed. But it depends what would upset her most."

"I see," said Martindale slowly.

There was a long silence. David realized that he had hardly begun to make his case, but he was suddenly weary of the whole thing. Let Martindale finish it and get it over.

"I hope you're too intelligent," Martindale said, "to believe that I do these things from caprice. This company has outgrown Perry and men like him. You spoke of dismissal. It was hardly that. He was to be retired on a pension, with three years' salary as a gratuity."

"Perry had fifteen years to go before retiring," David said. "However you put it, he's losing a hell of a lot of money."

With a brief show of anger, Martindale said: "What has he a right to expect?" He made a gesture of contempt. "What he did was contrary to everything this company stands for. We stand or fall by our policy of high quality and low, fixed prices. Ours is a public trust."

"Don't get too moral about it," said David. "You adopted that policy because it also means high profits. It pays you to be a public servant."

There was a queer glint in Martindale's eyes. He said: "You're right, David. At first that was my reason—but not any more. What do I want with more money? Today, I regard our company as an integral part of our country, charged with the service of the community."

"You still manage to make profits of several million pounds a year."

MARTINDALE looked annoyed. "Of course. That is a test of efficiency." He dismissed the point with a wave of his hand. "What place has a man like Perry got, wheedling extra pennies from the pockets of the public, in our company today?"

David thought irritably: *Why doesn't he sack me and have done with it?*

He said wearily: "Well, I took my stand on Perry, and I've done it publicly. I can hardly expect you——"

He stopped, and began to gather up his papers. "I'll put it in a formal letter, Vernon."

He was turning away when Martindale said: "Oh, my dear boy, we can't have that. Would you agree to Perry's transfer to a nice quiet store in the West Country where he can't do much harm? Retaining his full salary and pension rights?"

David turned back. "Another compromise, eh?" he said. But there was Perry to be considered, and this time it was Martindale who was compromising. He nodded. "That seems fair."

"Good." Martindale went to the door, then looked slowly round the great room. "That this should happen in my own board room," he said in quiet wonder. He paused, and then went on: "By the way, you must come to Sunningdale some time."

"Thank you."

"Yes. Next Sunday? I'll send my chauffeur for you about ten o'clock." He frowned, and then added, without much enthusiasm: "I suppose Miss Starling had better come back to me. You won't need her any longer."

David took a long, deep breath. Sunbeams slanted across the table, glinting on the empty chairs. As in most battles, it was difficult to distinguish between victor and vanquished. But he had gained more than he had lost, in knowledge and understanding at least. He felt a whole person.

On the whole, David thought, it had been worth while. THE END

READING—3

Reading is thinking with someone else's head instead of one's own.

A. Schopenhauer

Make yourself at home

Each week, JOHN BULL will pay five guineas for the best original and practical "do-it-yourself" home hint sent in by a reader. These will be illustrated by Stanley Herbert. Send your hints to: "Make Yourself At Home," JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

WHEN I decorated our living-room I used hardboard strips and wood grain paper to secure a striking panelled effect on the chimney breast. First I pasted grained paper over the walls. To make the panels I took strips of hardboard 2 in. wide and covered them with paper. After leaving for a day to dry, I cut them with a fine saw. I glued the strips to the wall, holding them in place with panel pins left "proud" so that they could be withdrawn later.—*N. Cameron, Wellinger Way, Leicester.*

Expedition south

Continued from page 13

difficult to be diplomatically correct with people who were waiting for any excuse for a party. One leader, who returned several times with a protest to the neighbouring Argentine hut, was so magnificently entertained that he did not have the heart to deliver it.

British policy in the Antarctic is to assert our position as hosts to foreign nationals. It has resulted in situations which are pure farce. One incident began with a tour of an Argentine minister of state aboard one of their relief ships. It arrived at a base where the British leader, a conscientious sort, decided to protest against the ship coming in without permission.

He set out in his dinghy, but first the outboard motor would not work; then, when he started rowing, the boat began to leak. He should have turned back, but he felt he had committed himself, and went on. He made the Argentine ship just in time to save himself from sinking.

However, he was piped on board and received with full honours by the captain, who accepted the protest, then introduced the leader to the minister. They went below for drinks, and the base leader was asked to stay for lunch. Four hours later they came up on deck, Anglo-Argentine relations having been strengthened with many repeated tokens of friendship. . . .

Midsummer came, and under the blazing sun the thaw began in earnest. Torrents of melt water ran down the slopes. The snow gave way under us and we sank in slush as we went about our daily tasks. Worst of all, it rained and the immaculate white world seemed to weep and sag miserably.

The wet weather continued through February into March, with the spasmodic booming, like distant gunfire, of bergs breaking off the glaciers. There were avalanches in the mountains behind us.

Argentine ships came in, their loudspeakers blaring rumbas and tangos that made our huskies howl in protest. Vast quantities of food and supplies were unloaded from the ships and moved up to the huts by a tractor and helicopter that completed the job in an afternoon. I was laboriously sledging our own stores up from the ice-shelf during one of these operations, and could not help feeling that we were being run on a shoe-string, compared with the Argentines. While we had to cut up putrefying seal meat for dog feed, they fed theirs on good beef. They had excellent equipment—an X-ray machine, central heating, even refrigerators and a deep freeze.

The Biscoe made her last call, and finally the penguins left. One morning I looked out of the hut and there wasn't a penguin in sight; they had all gone to spend the winter in warmer seas farther north. A few days later Paul Massey, our doctor, went out to give one of the dogs a penicillin injection. But before he walked ten yards the fluid froze in his hypodermic syringe. The Antarctic winter was approaching. . . .

PREPARATIONS went ahead for our winter sledging programme, with training runs to practise handling dogs and polar camping technique, but unfortunately we began with a terrifying experience for two men, Taylor and Willis. They had gone with Kenny and Worswick to Summit Pass, where they camped. Just before midnight a blizzard blew up, screaming over the pass in gusts that Taylor estimated reached ninety knots.

He and Willis lay listening to the wind tearing at their tent like a demented fiend, and as a precaution they got up and dressed, even to putting on balaclavas and double gloves, and hanging compasses round their necks. That undoubtedly saved their lives, because their tent was whipped away from above them without warning, and they were suddenly out in the blizzard, with the drift coming at them like sand out of a sand-blasting gun.

It took them twenty minutes to crawl to their companions' tent, only a few yards away. Next day they tried to recover the lost equipment. The lot had blown away. All they ever found again was a 50-lb. box of rations, three miles from the site.

With the onset of winter we faced the toughest problem of all in Hope Bay—living together.

I had been warned to watch morale, as the Antarctic can do frightful things to a man. The utter loneliness breeds introspection. Grievances become exaggerated, irritations become obsessions and depression can rot into the soul. At one base a man shot himself. At another base a man went berserk: he grabbed a chopper and turned on his companions. They had to keep him tied to his bunk for the next two months until the relief ship arrived.

I decided that keeping efficient was the best antidote against the slow poison of boredom, so I made it a rule that men were out of their bunks and dressed by nine on a working morning, that harness and equipment were stored in order, the hut was spick and span, the workshops were properly run, and fuel and supplies were neatly stacked and squared off.

In the F.I.D.S. tradition a base leader shares all the chores with his men; he is addressed by Christian name; he "asks" people to carry out his orders. Though I had considerable disciplinary powers, I was expected to get what I wanted done by example and psychology. All the men under me, except Massey, had far more experience of the Antarctic than I had, and they naturally resented some of the changes I made. However, once I was accepted, we got on very well.

Arguments flared up occasionally. I remember one in which another member and I heatedly debated where the A30 road left London. Finally we cabled the A.A. When the reply came I found that I had lost the bet, and had to do his week's cooking.

Early in June, I set out with Precious, Massey and Leppard to establish a depot for my main journey later in the year. We went with two unladen sledges to Beak Island, twenty miles off View Point, where we loaded up with 1,050 lb. each, and headed due south-west down the Crown Prince Gustav Channel. Soon we ran into brash. It was like crossing a ploughed field on the scale that it must appear to an ant.

Our sledges kept overturning, until eventually the bridges of Massey's broke under the punishment. We took off the load, and sent him and Leppard back to View Point to exchange the sledge for another.

Meanwhile Precious and I camped in the brash, and waited for our sledging companions. They returned after five days, and we went on, averaging two miles a day and overturning every few hundred yards. It took four days to clear the field. Then to our intense relief we hit fine level ice, and we camped to celebrate Midwinter Day, June 21.

Next morning, as we were packing our tents, I noticed spouts of spray and steam rising from various points in the ice, the nearest about five hundred yards north of the camp site. Later in the day we discovered that the spray was caused by whales.

There were about twenty holes, between four and ten feet in diameter, some of them occupied by three whales, killers or Rorquals, breathing with their snouts six feet above the ice.

AT 2.30, we came to open water, with leads stretching across the channel from Pitt Point to Carlson Island, and then south-east to Cape Lagrelius. Here there were roughly two hundred whales. We turned east and for two days we skirted the pool, along the coast of James Ross Island.

We reached Cape Lagrelius and there, a quarter of a mile due west of the cape, we struck another pool two miles long with forty to fifty whales swimming around in it. Occasionally they would jump completely out of the water, reaching a height of ten to twelve feet.

Then in another small pool nearby was the fantastic spectacle of five killers, five or six crab-eaters, a large leopard seal and twelve Adelie penguins, all swimming about together in perfect harmony. Such a scene in Hope Bay would have been unbelievable.

We continued our journey, reaching Cape Longing in three days, laid the depot and returned up the channel. Two weeks later we got back to base, with our baffling story of the pools and the behaviour of the creatures we saw in them. A detailed report was cabled back to our scientific bureau in London. The news of our discovery created a major sensation, and started interminable discussions at base.

Were the pools in some sacred area where the natural enemies met under a code of complete neutrality? Leppard and I had killed the leopard seal at the last pool to feed the dogs, but when we examined the stomach we found it empty. The leopard seal had been fasting. It must have been suffering intense hunger, yet apparently it had not touched its usual food, penguin, which it could have had for the taking.

Another puzzling question was the fate of the whales when the pools froze over later in the winter. The nearest open water was about seventy-five miles away, but a whale must surface to breathe.

I would be visiting the pools again on my thousand-mile journey in August. Perhaps I would find an answer to the mystery then.

NEXT WEEK: I am savaged by a team of murderous huskies

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

The luckless duchess had a fortune and three husbands before she was sixteen

FOR Lady Elizabeth Percy, who, in 1670, at the age of four, became the heiress of fabulous possessions, life was indeed treacherous.

Her parents being dead, she was brought up by her grandmother, a ruthless and scheming old woman. Before her sixteenth birthday, the luckless child was to have three husbands.

At twelve, she was married to Lord Ogle, who was described as the ugliest and "saddest creature" in the wide world. He, fortunately, died almost immediately. At fourteen, she was married to Thomas Thynne, known as "Tom of Ten Thousand," a gambler and a rake. He was murdered a few months later when riding in his coach in London. The same year a third husband was found for her — Charles Seymour, sixth Duke of Somerset.

He had to wait until his wife came of age before he was at liberty to dispose of her fortune. In 1688 he began to rebuild her house at Petworth, Sussex, on a scale of much magnificence. The house is now owned by the National Trust.

Portraits of the Duke and Duchess hang in the Grinling Gibbons Room—a triumph of carving, which has been called "the most superb monument to Gibbons's skill."

The Duke is chiefly remembered for his obsession with his lineage and his inordinate pride. To his second wife, who once tapped him on the shoulder with her fan, he said stiffly: "Madam, my first Duchess was a Percy and she never took such a liberty." His servants never spoke in his presence but obeyed him by signs.

The Percy connection with Petworth began in 1150. In 1377 the father of Harry Hotspur became the first of eleven Earls of Northumberland. They were not a fortunate race. Seven were killed in battle, executed, murdered or imprisoned; another, the sixth Earl, died of a broken heart. One of his misfortunes included falling in love with Anne Boleyn at the same time as Henry VIII.

The "Proud Duke" of Somerset's grandson, Charles Wyndham, second Earl of Egremont, was a capable statesman, notable for his honesty at a time when many politicians were corrupt. He was, however, extremely greedy.

His official duties involved many banquets and he was heard genially to exclaim: "Well, I have but three turtle dinners to come and if I survive them I shall be immortal." Unfortunately he did not survive them.

How to get there: Petworth is five and a half miles from Midhurst. *Open:* April to October, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, Bank Holidays, 2 till 6.

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Fire-eater Nasser	Smells A Little
Doesn't Make Us Laugh	Doesn't Pay
That Opportunity	Getting Near The End
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For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 Special Awards and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted. £950 Tournament Award (for best First Prize *Bullet* of Contests 2,045, 2,046, 2,047, 2,048) won by A. C. Gasson, 34 Ashley Park Road, Tunbridge Wells.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated September 29), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, September 15 for early news of No. 2,054 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 2,054, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

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ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

Ideas for practical yet pretty kitchens; hints to a house-buyer; six new designs in bedheads; an unusual one-floor house and a Georgian home.

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MAGAZINE—SEPTEMBER ISSUE

ON SALE WED., AUG. 29—2/3

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